JOHN BULL, week ending September 11, 1943

# JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV; 1943

3D EVERY THURSDAY

SWAFFER ASKS—WHERE IS THE MAN?

SHARKS—A WARNING By The Editor

NEUTRALS AT THE CROSS ROADS By A.G.G.

## WHY CHOCOLATE WILL BE SCARCER

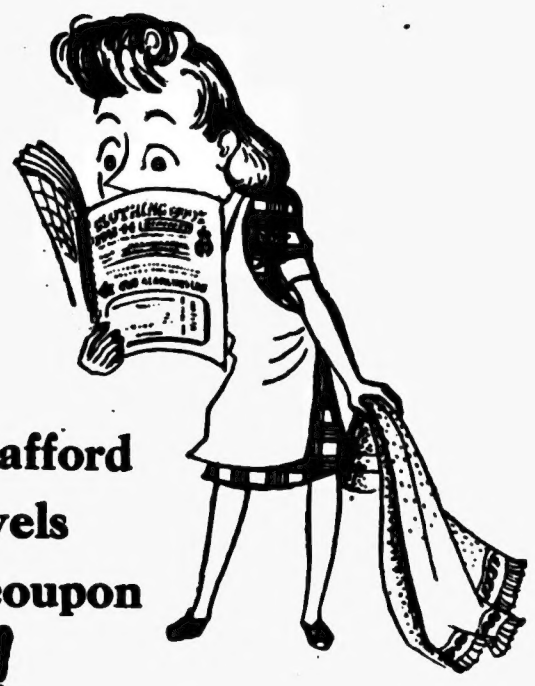
*When the starving peoples of Europe are liberated, how can they be fed?* What can we send them which will supply their deficiencies and restore them quickly to health and strength? Something which is not only a food in itself but is capable of retaining the full potency of added vitamins?.

This was the problem Britain's food experts had to solve, and experiments were made with many kinds of food before they made their final choice—*chocolate.*

For many months big shipments of Cadbury's Chocolate, rich in vitamins, have been going to help to keep our Armies fighting fit. Now, *in addition,* a large part of the output of the Bournville and other chocolate factories will consist of special 2 oz. blocks for liberated Europe.

That is why you will get less chocolate in your ration.

**CADBURY means QUALITY**



## You can't afford to *boil* towels on a 20 coupon ration!

**Start now using the washing method that lengthens the life of linens by 4 to 6 months**

IN planning your 20 coupons for the September to January period, don't forget that towels take coupons too! Also, that unless you look after them carefully, tea towels and bath towels have a habit of wearing out sooner than you expect.

If you're still using the boiling, hard-rubbing method of doing the weekly wash, you're wearing out your clothes and precious household linens and towels far sooner than you need!

Besides, boiling isn't necessary. With Rinso you can *soak* clothes clean in 12 minutes, in hot water. You don't boil at all. Specially grubby parts should be damped first and have a little dry Rinso smoothed in before soaking.

The Rinso war-time method takes half the usual amount of water and two-thirds the Rinso. Just be sure you have sufficient suds to cover the clothes when they're well pressed down.

*SAVES MONTHS OF WEAR*

The gentle no-boil way of washing things with Rinso gets your clothes and whites beautifully clean, and—as tests in the Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories have proved—adds from 4 to 6 months of wear. Start using the Rinso method next washday!

• • •

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet, one coupon; 7d. packet, two coupons.

R3186-414 R. S. Hudson Limited

# FOOD M.F. FACTS

## *Cut these out for your Kitchen Scrapbook*

### HOW TO PRESERVE TOMATOES IN THEIR OWN JUICE

Remove the skins; cut medium or large tomatoes in halves or quarters.

Wash and drain jars and pack tomatoes in tightly, sprinkling salt between each layer of tomatoes (about ½ oz. salt to each 2 lbs. of tomatoes).

Fix rubber rings (previously soaked in hot water) lids, and clips or screwband. If screwband is used, give it a half-turn back for expansion.

Then place the jars in a pan and completely cover with cold water. The bottom of the pan should be covered with newspaper, cloth or straw. Bring the water slowly to simmering point — this should take about 1½ hours — and keep at simmering point for 30 minutes. Remove jars one at a time and place on a wooden surface. Tighten screwbands, and tighten again as jars cool. Test the "seal" by removing clips or screwbands. If it has sealed perfectly, you should be able to lift the jar gently by the lid.

### HOW TO MAKE BLACKBERRY SHORTCAKE

*8 oz. flour*
*Pinch of salt*
*2 level teaspoons baking powder*
*1 dessertspoon sugar*
*1 oz. margarine*
*Milk to mix*
*1 lb. blackberries*
*Sugar to sweeten*

METHOD: Mix dry ingredients. Rub in margarine, mix to a soft dough with milk. Turn on to a floured board, form into a ball and pat out to about 1" thick. Bake in a moderately hot oven for ½ hour. Split open and spread with a little margarine. Fill with ripe blackberries mashed with a little sugar, then put on the other half, crust side down, and spread more fruit on top.

### HOW TO KEEP THE LOAF FRESH

To keep bread fresh during warm weather, it should be wrapped in a clean, dry cloth and kept in a well-ventilated place, not in a cupboard. Make sure the loaf is cool before wrapping. Don't use a damp cloth. If you keep bread in a bin, be sure the bin is well-ventilated and clean; even if there are ventilation holes, keep the lid tilted.

**REMEMBER** that you get your chocolate and sweets by means of your Personal Points coupons on page 25 of your ration book. This page may be cut out and used by itself, but see that you write your name and national registration number on it.

**LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15**

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 165

## Healthy dogs make good companions

*Your* dog will be a healthy and happy companion provided you protect him from 'warm weather' blood disorders such as scratching, loss of appetite and listlessness. A daily Bob Martin's will purify your dog's blood and make him a regular 'plus' dog.

*In packets of 9 for 7d. 36 for 1/11*

Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets

# 10 times

Ten times as many canteens — more than ten times as many customers — that is the story of the wartime growth of Naafi. And it is not the end. The war expands, huge armies move overseas — and wherever the men and women in the Services need recreation and refreshment Naafi will be there. But, to keep faith with the Forces Naafi must maintain a steady flow of recruits — men and women* in paid employment as Cooks, Counter Assistants and General Assistants. Join Naafi *now* and help to serve the men who serve the guns. Apply today to NAAFI, Imperial Court, Kennington Lane, London, S.E.11, or go to any Employment Exchange.

**This does not apply to single women (or widows) born in the years 1918-1923*

**The need for NAAFI is greater than ever — join today!**

MARMITE SANDWICHES
ARE DELICIOUS AND PROVIDE HEALTH-GIVING VITAMINS OF THE B GROUP
MARMITE
the Yeast food-extract, adds goodness and flavour to all Soups, Stews, Gravies & Savoury Dishes
MARMITE

## "What do I do . . ."

*about my Boots & Shoes?*

Preserve them all I can by care and attention. When repairs are necessary specify the leather that gives the best possible value for money. I ask for DRI-PED and the purple diamond trade-mark assures me it is the waterproof leather with the guaranteed double wear.

DRI-PED LEATHER

Your repairer's supplies are strictly rationed. Ask him to do his best.

DRI-PED LTD. *Rose Hill Tannery,* BOLTON, LANCS.

## . . . BUT THEY WERE NOT LISTENING

They did hear the football results, but after that the radio simply carried on because nobody bothered to switch it off. So electricity was wasted and the life of the valves shortened.

Like so very many other things nowadays, radio valves are on war service and replacements are hard to get — so when you are not really listening . . . SWITCH OFF!

One day there will be plenty of new Mullard Sets and Valves available, and then you too, like the thousands of fortunate Mullard owners who to-day are enjoying trouble-free, true-tone listening, can once again insist on . . .

**MULLARD**

RADIO VALVES AND SETS

**CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES!**

MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.C.2. (S-D)

# JOHN BULL

*Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 11, 1943.*
*93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.*


*"Come the three corners of the world in arms,*
*And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue*
*If England to itself do rest but true."*

## WEEK'S WORST

**This is the first story we have ever had to tell about a really bad sailor.**

**He travelled from Scotland to London recently with a blind boy—hardly out of his teens—who had lost his sight fighting with the British Army against Rommel.**

**The boy raved about St. Dunstan's. They'd given him new hope. They'd taught him how to use a braille typewriter. He'd just been to Scotland to prove to his parents there his new-found independence.**

**The machine was on the rack over his head, with bags containing all his civilian clothing, his clothing coupons, and everything essential to the new life opening up before him.**

**London reached, the sailor said: "I'll take charge of your typewriter and all your bags. Stand here while I find you a taxicab. I won't be a minute."**

**And the boy stood. Stood rooted to the spot for an hour and a half. At the end of which the station police found him crying as though his heart would break at the terrible disillusionment that was dawning on him.**

**He has hardly slept since. He is inconsolable at the loss which his friends cannot replace.**

**We advise that sailor to give himself up at the nearest police station. His punishment will be light compared with what will happen to him if ever the men of the Royal Navy get to know.**

**Straight from the Shoulder**

# INTO EUROPE

HOW much will Italy mean to us?

More than new air bases.

More than the two-way bombing of Berlin and the removal of the roofs from the arms centres of southern Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia.

It will bite into Hitler's irreplaceable strategic reserves, assure us of complete naval control of the Mediterranean—and still more.

### They Will Fall

The Dodecanese—those islands which are the Balkans' sentinels—will collapse. Command of the Adriatic will be ours.

**Thus shall we gain entry to the rolling Hungarian plains which lead to Germany's back door.**

On the other side of Italy, southern France will beckon us.

### The Cost

But of course, there is a debit side to the account. **Italy is a costly country** for any Power to sustain. She will make big demands on our coal, steel and other material resources if we are to turn her into a useful base for further operations.

And there is the more immediate cost in men and supplies.

### Surprise End?

Swift results may follow—and bring surprises, too. . . .

The major peace demonstrations in all big Italian cities are significant. But the German troops may be expected to resist to the last.

It would be idle to say more at this juncture. But at least we can say that we have breached the Fortress of Europe and are now beginning to give *direct* aid to our Russian Allies.

### In Reserve

As for our indirect aid to Russia in her present mighty offensive, the most telling evidence of that comes from the official spokesman of the Nazi High Command.

No reinforcements, he announces, can in future be spared for the German armies on the Eastern Front—because of the situation in the West.

But they'll need reinforcements all right—and quickly.

### On to Smolensk!

Their front is crumbling from Yelnya to the Sea of Azov: 550 miles of it—and their own summer offensive was restricted to 100 miles, yet failed. Farther north, fresh Russian assaults seem likely.

**At Taganrog, Stalin repeated the stratagem by which he saved Moscow; the astonished enemy was trapped and mown down by cavalry! Smolensk, most vital of Nazi bases, seems doomed.**

### Going Back

But do not believe that the enemy is "evacuating" the Donetz or the entire Ukraine. Despite his admissions, he is not withdrawing anywhere.

He is being *forced* back, *beaten* back, after desperately clinging to every position

We are witnessing one of the gravest defeats the German army has ever sustained.

### Watch for It

Thus it is imperative for us to be ready to intervene on a *decisive* scale.

In his Quebec speech, the Prime Minister likened our part to that of a boxer. A good analogy. We have not pulled our punches. Our aim has been good. But we have need to improve our footwork, so that our blows may be delivered with the utmost speed.

### How Long?

Mr. Churchill did well to disdain the prediction of quick victory. But we should watch for any opportunity to hasten our progress!

Until the right hour for our intervention on the western seaboard, however, we can avoid unnecessarily huge casualties by intensifying our bombing.

### Air Marshals' Hope

American boasts that we are "out to burn down Germany" may be disregarded. That certainly isn't the British aim.

Our bombing is designed to prepare the way for our land forces, to slow down German munition production, and to shatter the civil administration.

**British air marshals hope that the last aim may be attained fairly soon. Fear of such a contingency was the chief reason for Himmler's appointment.**

### Desperate

In their desperation the Germans have tried out several new kinds of air defences in the last month.

The lighting of the Berlin skyline by huge flares was no more effective than the new kinds of flak.

But experts are wise to warn us that Germany is working overtime on the problem—and may solve it before our plan has succeeded.

### Hustling

Hence our own aerial hustle. Priority in production is now being given to R.A.F. requirements—which also suggests that the equipment of our immense Army is complete.

Similarly Americans are advocating a short-term rush to increase their air force based on this island. There are hopes that their new types of bombers—beside which the present Fortresses and Liberators will seem like toys—will soon be in action.

### Three Ways

**As for the Far East, the patient Chinese are satisfied with Quebec's pleas to hit the Japanese. There will be a real campaign this time—presumably to open up Burma.**

We know that naval and air reinforcements have been sent to aid Lord Louis Mountbatten make a success of his new task. He'll require still more.

### Unity, Please!

But the greatest of all requirements, beyond doubt, is a joint political and military strategy to end the war in the West.

For it isn't only the question of a Western Front on which Britain, the U.S.A., and the U.S.S.R. have failed to agree.

### Independent Action

Russia acted independently when she broke off relations with Poland; Britain and the U.S.A. acted independently in recognising the French Committee a fortnight ago. And so on.

The Three-Power Conference, now being arranged, should remove such detractions from mutual good will—to say nothing of brakes on military effort.

### Big Three

We must not only know what is in Stalin's mind, but he should be told all that Churchill and Roosevelt have in view—not merely what they have agreed upon.

Fortunately, it is almost certain that these Big Three will meet (probably in London) when their Foreign Ministers have cleared up preliminary business. May they plan for peace as well as war!

### Dust Traps

What is the Government doing towards the rebuilding of a peaceful and prosperous Britain?

The answer is that a great deal of work is being accomplished by Ministers who work beyond the limelight.

**Unfortunately, there can be no guarantee that their plans—when completed—will not accumulate as much dust in official pigeon-holes as the Beveridge, Uthwatt, Scott and Barlow Reports.**

### Blunt Warning

One Minister, indeed, has just admitted that the Government will have to be forced into action. Such, anyhow, is JOHN BULL'S interpretation of Mr. Butler's warning that "if you want reform you will have to fight for it."

No doubt he had to fight to get his own Education Bill tabled for consideration. And plainly the Vested Interests outside the Government have even less liking for bold and long-sighted planning than some members of Mr. Churchill's team

### Fresh Fight

It will be a crime if men and women return from the war to face the need for a fight at home.

But, should this need arise, they will hardly be likely to show the white feather. Mr. Churchill could prevent quite a lot of unpleasantness and give a fresh impetus to the war effort if he announced *now* the essentials of the reforms for which he, too, is willing to struggle.

### Mr. Wall Bobs Up

Unless he does so, ordinary citizens will surely doubt Mr. A. M. Wall's assertion that no political Party could stand a dog's chance against the prestige and personality with which Mr. Churchill will face a post-war electorate.

**Magnificent as Mr. Churchill's service has been, the intelligent public will judge his Government by its plans for the future as well as its achievements in the past.**

**Otherwise, Democracy would become a one-man band.**

*(Continued overleaf)*


## WIDOW'S LETTER TO "JOHN BULL"

*Mr. J. E. Levitt, a Sussex Aircraft fitter, was spending a free afternoon at the cinema when the hall received a direct hit from a sneak raider and he was instantly killed. In acknowledging "John Bull's" cheque his widow writes: "Your cheque will help immensely. Your kind words and thoughts will help me to carry on."*

**"John Bull" offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire-Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc., A FREE AIR RAID POLICY (Underwritten at LLOYD'S) as well as comprehensive Household Benefits.**

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

# STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THE public, called on to play a big part in the Fire Guard fiasco, is now being reminded that it has got to pay for it as well.

Up and down the country advertisements are appearing with offers of £200, £300, and £400 a year for inspecting officers, training officers, area officers, and assistants to Reserve Centre superintendents.

## Wrecking Job

There seems no end to the titles and offices that have come into being. They're all part of a bureaucratic system which, so far, has done no more than wreck the enthusiasm and keenness of the men and women who voluntarily put out the fires when the raids were heavy.

The cost is going to be terrific.

Yet the Home Secretary, and Miss Ellen Wilkinson at his right hand, persist in plans that were made on paper maybe a couple of years ago—and are only now working out in their full inefficiency.

## Dodging Decisions

*Ellen, the Circular Queen*

Inefficiency there is without doubt. Tenants on a Middlesex estate have this week reported incidents to JOHN BULL which are characteristic of the way the Fire Guard system doesn't work.

One man, detailed to watch certain premises, arrived at 11.30 p.m. when his work was finished to find the place locked up. He could find no one in authority.

Three or four nights later the same thing happened to another man ordered to fire-watch. He went to the police, but they couldn't help. He went to three of the Fire Guard officials; none of them would make any decision.

## Those Forms Again

**According to the Home Office, everything is now settling down smoothly. Miss Wilkinson said the other day that 1,735 Civil Defence circulars had been sent out—every one of them necessary.**

**That daring remark must have amused one of our readers—a Surrey butcher.**

## Seven for Luck

By April this year he had filled in five fire-watching forms (based on Miss Wilkinson's circulars) and had five medical certificates to show he was unfit. That wasn't enough for the authorities. They sent him a sixth form to fill in. He had another "medical," and wrote to his chief Fire Guard officer.

Last month they told him his appeal was to be heard and that if his work prevented him from attending he had "to fill in the enclosed form."

The other morning he got a letter containing a seventh form, identical with the rest.

## Stop Right Way

Still, the Home Office has shown some sense of guilt. Mr. Morrison's statement last week-end showed he realised the terrific waste of man-power in overstaffing air raid wardens' posts with part-timers.

He's asked Regional Commissioners to interpret the rules broadly and take up as little of the part-timers' time as possible.

We'll be interested to see how the local officers react.

## Food Watching

One constructive suggestion for Mr. Morrison before we leave him to his Home Security. . . .

Why hasn't he turned some of the Fire Guards on to protecting our corn crops? An engine driver writes to say that it's been his misfortune to see hundreds of acres of corn destroyed by fire by the side of the permanent way.

The farmers, with their labour shortage, cannot do much to help themselves when the sparks fly. But in country areas there must be thousands of Fire Guards available for food-watching who haven't a chance of seeing an incendiary bomb.

## Seven Weeks' Wait

There's not only too much waste of food going on but too much waste of time in getting it.

A Hertfordshire (temporarily) reader is employed by a big West of England aircraft firm, and has to travel all over the country. Because of his changes of address he has had to wait seven weeks for his ration book, and he and his landlady at one place spent five hours waiting at the Food Office.

"Wouldn't it be better," our correspondent asks, "if people like me could be issued with a monthly card? The Food Minister would please Sir Stafford Cripps if we could."

## Separated

**A Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant on one of our troopships came home on leave recently after being away for five months. His wife is in the W.A.A.F., but he expected she would be given ten days' leave—the time he had free.**

**She wasn't. All she got was three days, and a telegram to her commanding officer had no result. So the R.Q.M.S. had to spend seven of his precious days by himself.**

**He says his case is not isolated. It ought to be.**

## Silly Difference

When the House of Commons next meets it would be a good thing if some Member took up this matter of leave for husbands and wives who're both in the Services. In the Army, as far as we have ever heard, things are done well.

Another R.A.F. subject that ought to be finally thrashed out is the difference in rank of members of our air crews.

More and more in the last week or so has the distinction between officer pilots and non-commissioned men or warrant officers been shown up in all its unfairness.

## Widows Penalised

If two Lancasters come down over Berlin the crew of one may go to an officers' prison camp and the crew of the other to a place for N.C.O.s. If the men all die their widows are treated differently according to whether the husbands had bands or stripes on their arms.

A flight-sergeant's widow gets 33s. 6d. a week if she is over forty or a mother. A pilot-officer's widow gets £2 10s. a week irrespective of age.

Flight-sergeant and pilot-officer face the same flak on operations. They face the same night fighters. They have the same responsibility.

## Stranded—

Could there not also be some way of ensuring equality between girl munition workers and those in the Services? A W.A.A.F., a W.R.E.N., or a member of the A.T.S. need never be stranded for the night in any sizeable town.

But a young woman reader has just told us how she had to hang about in Leeds for hours before she could get a bed. She's on war work and was returning from a couple of days' leave when she found she'd missed the last train to her hostel.

## —Out of Uniform

After walking about for two hours she was told at the Y.W.C.A. that they could only take in girls in the Services. All the hotels were full and it was long past midnight before she got help from the police.

*We join in her demand for some badge for munition workers that will ensure the same treatment as girls get if they're in uniform.*

## Lasting Help

Last week the Assistance Board began to put into effect the provisions of the Pensions and Determination of Needs Act.

Under the Act a widow who is once awarded a supplementary pension will remain eligible for the help even when her children are no longer dependent—providing she does not have a six months' "break" when she is not entitled to an award in view of her financial position.

**● South Wales miners have been complaining about their local transport. They say that a late 'bus can mean a loss of 60 tons of coal.**

**The 'buses are often late because there are far too few of them and they're overcrowded. We hope the authorities are quite sure a gallon or so of petrol is more valuable than 60 tons of coal.**

**We hope, too, that they consider it wise for a Lancashire town to buy a luxury car for official business with a petrol consumption of eight miles to the gallon.**

**And, while we're about it, let's express the hope that all the motoring which readers have told us about in the Ilfracombe district is helping the war effort.**

## Pension Luck

This also applies to a young woman with a baby who, granted a supplementary pension, may get it for the rest of her life, even though the baby dies soon after. An older woman who's child has started work won't be able to claim any extra pension till she's sixty, no matter how much she's in need.

That's an anomaly the Act has created—and not the only one.

## Chance for Gesture

The President of the Board of Trade is a strong man. He believes in turning a deaf ear to all appeals for relaxation in the clothing and textile regulations. He may be right in general; but he certainly isn't in particular.

Can't Mr. Dalton do something about tea-towels (glass cloths to Southerners)?

## Plenty in Stock

The warehouses are full of towels; so are the big stores. They can't sell them because housewives won't pay a coupon a towel. Instead, any old bit of rag is being used up in the kitchen.

Café owners are allowed one tea-towel for every 300 meals served. So they, too, are having to put up with worn-out old cloths.

## Woolton Example

The result is a deterioration in standards of cleanliness. Already skin diseases have been reported which are directly traceable to chipped crockery that's not as clean as it should be.

Mr. Dalton should follow Lord Woolton's example and give away a point or two when there's a surplus.

*Sunny smile—but shoddy shoes*

Parents with growing children deserve kinder treatment. "I can't help it," has been Mr. Dalton's attitude over the shoddy shoes we've been getting.

Wisely, he's decided to give extra coupons to the youngsters who need adult-sized footwear. But we shall be the better pleased when he provides shoes—especially for children—that are really worth the coupons.

At present the shoes seem to be made of the same material as the coupons—and last no longer.

## BEHIND THE NEWS

**● If bombing continues on present scale, German civilians won't hold out more than another six months, say depressed Nazi officers returning to Norway after holidays at home.**

● *They say our heavy bombs cause such intense air pressure that people are gravely injured in shelters hundreds of yards away from the burst.*

● But in Norway, too, fear is turning the Himmler screw. Grini concentration camp, near Oslo, now holds 2,500 men and women. Hundreds more have been transferred to camps in Germany.

**● Goebbels may have fallen from favour because Gestapo discovered that he was planning to join his wife in Switzerland for a "long vacation." Himmler feared he might not return to Germany.**

● *Goering keeps two long-distance 'planes, complete with crews, ready for the day when he will have to try and get to Japan. For the same purpose, special submarine is kept waiting for U-boat Chief Doenitz.*

● Antonescu, alarmed by death of King Boris, fears a similar fate may befall him, and has refused an invitation to see Hitler again.

**● German rumour that a British army was joining the Russian southern armies arose from the appearance of hundreds of British and American heavy tanks in the battles around Taganrog.**

● *Violent thunderstorm, sweeping German agricultural areas, has frustrated hopes for fairly good harvest.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

# SHARKS—A WARNING!

WHEN this war ends there will be a shortage of at least 4,000,000 houses in the British Isles. Even now, with millions of men and women in uniform, there are nothing like enough houses to go round.

Profiteers grow fat on scarcity. They trade deliberately upon the public demand for anything which is in short supply.

That is largely why the price of houses is rising so fast in all parts of the country.

Admittedly, all prices which are not controlled tend to rise in time of war. But "the necessities of life" *are* controlled.

**Except homes. We begin to wonder whether the Government regards a home as a necessity to the ordinary citizen.**

**If it does, it should take immediate steps to check a widespread ramp, which threatens to develop into a national scandal.**

Consider certain facts, which should be obvious to the authorities and *must* be obvious to all citizens who take the trouble to study local advertisements, or have occasion to seek a new home.

In London, in many of the chief provincial cities, and, broadly speaking, in every residential area from Land's End to John o' Groats, house property has gone up in value like a rocket since the war began.

Rises of 50 to 75 per cent. are taken for granted, and in many instances prices have risen by more than 200 per cent.

We know of houses, which could have been bought for £1,500 in 1939, which have changed hands more than once in the meanwhile, and which are now offered at £4,000 or even more!

The same proportionate inflation of prices has taken place in almost every class of house property.

JOHN BULL does not blame the genuine owner for selling at the best price obtainable in an all-too-open market.

But we do hold the Government responsible for allowing speculators to buy and resell house property solely with a view to profit.

That is what they are doing. The sharks are at it again, just as they were in the concluding stages of the last war.

It is not the least use to raise our hands in pious horror because such greedy brutes exist in our community.

FOR they exist in every community. Given free opportunity, there will always be some rogues ready to exploit their neighbours' direst need.

What JOHN BULL demands is immediate and resolute action by the Government to clamp down on this growing and impudent racket.

We say that the time has come to control the price of house property as rigidly as the price of essential food. Nothing short of such a control will cheat the sharks of their prey.

*And, without putting forward a cut-and-dried scheme of our own, we believe it would be in the public interest at this stage to forbid the sale of all house property except for purposes of genuine occupation.*

*That veto alone, apart from any price control which might be advantageously adopted, would drive the sheer speculators out of the market.*

Unfortunately, the Government shows no sign at present of treating this vital problem with the urgency it deserves.

For profiteering in houses is only one aspect of a widespread profiteering in land, and, in spite of the recommendations of the Uthwatt Committee, nothing has yet been done even to check that.

JOHN BULL foresaw this wicked racket long ago. We warned the Government that, unless firm and drastic measures were promptly taken, the profiteers would hold the country to ransom again.

The Uthwatt Report, recommending practical steps to safeguard the land for the people, was presented for *immediate* action two years ago. It is still pigeon-holed.

And the sharks grow bolder with immunity. This is what Mr. W. Holmes, general secretary of the National Union of Agricultural Workers, has to say about them:

"Financial companies are being formed in considerable numbers *for the sole purpose of buying up estates and farms.*"

These companies have no intention to *work* the land they buy. They merely want to resell it at a fat profit.

Under existing law, there is nothing to stop them. Land is being sold to-day at anything up to 100 or even 200 per cent. of its pre-war value.

Increases of from 40 to 60 per cent. are the rule rather than the exception. One large estate of 1,120 acres, worth about £10 an acre pre-war, was sold recently for about £25 an acre.

And this is but one instance among thousands. The finest quality agricultural land is now fetching £120 an acre, as against, say, £40 in 1939.

Even the Government, buying land for priority war purposes, is paying through the nose for every yard of it. Aerodrome sites have been bought for more than double their normal, and reasonable, value.

In May of this year we wrote in this page: "The Government has lacked the courage to give battle to the property owners and other vested interests.

"Sooner or later, however, this battle *must be fought and won.* For, if we shirk it, we shall condemn this generation and perhaps many others to planless chaos."

Two months before that we had directly accused the Government of shelving the Uthwatt Committee's vital Report.

And we then pointed out that the thousand-million-pound National Federation of Property Owners meant to fight the Uthwatt proposals tooth and nail in defence of "private enterprise."

Be it noted that the Government "approved" the Uthwatt proposals. It promised "fortifying legislation" at an early date. It recognised and admitted the need for immediate legislation.

Then it put on its considering cap and has gone to sleep beneath it ever since. The urgent problem of 1941 has thus become the far more urgent problem of 1943.

EVEN the Uthwatt recommendations would not meet the country's every need. They would, however, have gone a long way to safeguard the public's interest in the national land.

And, taken in conjunction with those of the Scott and Barlow Reports, which have also been pigeon-holed and apparently forgotten, their adoption would have given *proof* of the Government's good intentions.

At present we have no proof of such intentions. The sharks are waxing fat without interference and the homes we need grow dearer with every passing month.

**If the War Cabinet is too busy to give this priority problem of the Home Front the close attention it deserves, we still maintain that our "reconstruction Ministers" ought to tackle it without delay.**

To go on doing nothing is to court disaster. And we therefore appeal once more and with a new sense of urgency to the Cabinet as a whole and to each Minister of the Crown individually to come to the people's rescue and to deliver "the common man" from the enemies and exploiters within our gates.

# *Germany Must Dread the Coming Winter*

CAN Hitler meet his Waterloo this winter?

For two winters in succession a creeping crisis began in Germany about October, and difficulties mounted steadily to reach a climax in February.

There's no wishful thinking about this, for both crises were frankly admitted by leading Nazis *—after they had passed.*

★ ★ ★

During those last two winters many people advocated that the United Nations should take advantage of the German crisis and deal Hitler a knockout blow.

They argued that heavy attack coinciding with the "Russian winter" would find German economics, the German people, and even the Wehrmacht at the lowest point of resistance.

But nothing that happened during these last two winters was as grim as what is in store for Germany during the coming months.

Now that the full strength of Allied armies and air forces can be brought to bear on Germany, striking results should be obtained.

The great effort of the Russian armies, which brought their summer campaign such stunning success, should increase in winter, when the Russians will fight, so to speak, in their own element—the snow of the steppes.

There is no reason to assume that the battered Wehrmacht will stand up to the strain of winter warfare any better than it did in the last two winters.

Yet while the Germans enjoyed practical immunity from attack on every other front, they will have no such respite this time.

The "obliteration offensive" against Germany from the air will mount steadily and, even with restrictions imposed by weather conditions, will be infinitely heavier for the enemy than during those winters when the Anglo-American forces were just mounting the attack.

Looking anxiously at the moves of Allied armies, German war leaders must take account of a possibility—almost a certainty—which few people even in this country are considering.

It is the fact that Allied strategy may confound the experts who will insist that there can be no successful fighting on the Continent during the winter.

Why, if the Allies chose, they can invade France and even the rugged country of the Balkans in spite of snow and sleet and rain!

★ ★ ★

If Russian armies could fight in the cold Caucasus in winter, there is no reason to doubt that Anglo-American-Canadian forces can repeat their feat in a temperature less than half as low as that of Eastern Russia.

If that should happen, the people of Germany are likely to face an ordeal such as no other nation ever encountered.

Most of their cities will be reduced to shambles; transport and supply organisation on the German home front (which was already shaky during the last two years) will be strained to breaking point.

★ ★ ★

Last winter, even, German householders were forced to fetch their coal from marshalling yards by pram or basket!

This time there will be few marshalling yards inside German cities left in operation.

Winter in Germany is much harder than in Britain. Remember how the German people spent their nights in the waiting-rooms of Berlin and Munich main stations to keep warm last winter! Where are they going to spend their frosty evenings now?

To enumerate the other difficulties of Germany at this juncture, as dark nights begin, as casualties on the front and at home mount, as winter makes even the food position critical, would take a whole volume to describe.

Trust the Allied war leaders to take advantage of Germany's plight. Trust them to strike even in winter—or just in winter—when conditions are most favourable for them.

And no Himmler will be able to save Germany from disaster!

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

# OPEN LETTERS

## Mr. WILL LAWTHER, President, the Mineworkers' Federation

DEAR MR. LAWTHER,—Your condemnation of unconstitutional stoppages in the mines as "tragic" comes at the right time. I have grieved at the strikes which have held up production of the coal so sorely needed to keep the war machine running; and I have been surprised that the miners, with their traditional good sense and loyalty, should ever for a second have struck against the advice of their leaders.

Durham miners at Eppleton Colliery acted on your advice and returned to the pits after a day's stoppage; 4,000 Welsh miners, after only a few hours' absence from work, went back to the pits.

Those men, in their heart of hearts, knew they were wrong. Their grievances may have been legitimate, but, as you point out, "there is not the slightest reason why there should be one minute's stoppage in the coal industry, having regard to the well-recognised conciliation machinery now established throughout the British coalfields."

Yet more trouble looms. The Yorkshire Mineworkers' Association is giving the West Yorkshire coal owners twenty-one days' notice to settle grievances over pay and pit props, and the men's president, Mr. J. A. Hall, says the notice is "no idle threat."

Every ton of coal is vital to Britain to-day. The appeal for 30,000 volunteers for the mines shows how serious the position is. The miners' leaders have no easy task to-day. They are still, in effect, the servants of their organisations, and they have certain obligations to the miners.

But above all to-day are the obligations every miner owes the State, and owes the men and women of the Fighting Forces. We cannot afford these "tragic" strikes; the price of them is too appalling.—JOHN BULL.

## The Manager, The Rex Cinema, Dewsbury, Yorks

DEAR SIR,—Some time ago, just to remind your patrons that pre-war pettifogging ideas are still alive in Britain, you posted outside the entrance to your cinema a notice stating: "The management reserves the right to refuse admission to anyone wearing overalls."

When war workers protested that their uniforms were as much to them as uniforms were to members of the Fighting Forces, the notice was taken down and the ban lifted.

I'm not surprised that the workers in a great industrial city refused to let you get away with that

Wouldn't it be grand if the railways and the 'bus companies announced that they would refuse to carry men and women in working clothes? And how pleasant it would be if a café or a restaurant refused to serve a man wearing a scarf and not a white collar!

Still, you saw quickly the error of your ways. And if, maybe, a little dust clings to your tip-ups because some war worker has sought relaxation in your cinema, well, be pleased about it, and realise that it's the dust of victory and not of social decline.—JOHN BULL.

## Dr. C. C. ANDERSON, Secretary, the British Medical Council

DEAR DOCTOR,—Any scheme of post-war security and social reform must, of necessity, embrace the medical profession. Unhappily, the forthcoming White Paper on a comprehensive State Medical Service has created considerable division of opinion among doctors.

For many years your profession—the closest of "closed shops" in the world—has developed along the lines of private practice and private income. The rich have been able to command facilities denied the poor; so that money has had its say even in the world of healing.

Some doctors are concerned about the future of the private patient practice. And behind that concern is the question of income.

Yet you were wise enough and far-seeing enough to tell a thousand doctors in a speech at Manchester that "if Parliament decides upon a 100 per cent. scheme we should accept it."

You went on: "Though we may refuse to become whole-time servants of the Government, there is no reason why we should reject the scheme and reject all ideas of co-operation with the State."

Doctors, as well as other members of the community, must be prepared to compromise if the welfare of the nation demands it. They have to look ahead with the other planners and play their important part in the Britain of the future.—JOHN BULL.

*Surely both doctor and patient should give and take?*

## Mr. ROWLAND THOMAS, K.C. Old Street (London) Magistrate

DEAR MR. THOMAS,—When you gave consent to a girl of nineteen to marry a twenty-four-year-old man whose earnings averaged £9 to £10 a week, you added a timely warning about big wages.

"Do you mind if I give you a word of advice?" you said. "Don't think that these big wages will always continue. Both of you go on saving as much money as you can."

Now, I don't know what economic vision you possess. Big wages, after all, are not so big if you average out the whole country—agricultural workers £3 5s. a week, miners under £5, are two cases in point. But there seems little doubt that in certain phases of industry wages will come down with a bump.

The money people are earning to-day is not easy money. They sweat and toil hard for it. But, especially if they are young, they don't look ahead and plan for a future which might not be so rosy financially.

A lot of money, hardly earned, is being squandered to-day on goods not worth buying. At popular resorts the prices charged for certain articles are scandalous. Yet the people pay those prices, merely because they have money to spend.

Many a marriage would be happier if people in good, well-paid work laid aside something every week. The maxim of saving is to save while the going is good and to resist the temptation to spend for the sake of spending.

And that virtue exists irrespective of whether "big" wages are to go or to stay. Mr. Micawber's recipe for happiness still carries weight to-day.—JOHN BULL.

## The Members of the Lewes Town Council

DEAR COUNCILLORS,—For some reason best known to yourselves you have twice rejected a proposal to open a British Restaurant in your town.

War workers, as a result, have got to eat sandwiches at midday instead of a hot, cheap meal. The restaurants and cafés in the town are inadequate to cope with the demand for meals.

I hesitate to think that behind the Council decision is a tinge of snobbery; that a British Restaurant would not lend itself to the social charm and old-world tradition of Lewes.

I hesitate to believe that personal prejudices may be one reason for turning down the proposal. Because such things, in these days, just don't make sense.

Perhaps the war workers—or some of them—are outsiders, drafted to the town to keep vital production going. Perhaps some narrow-minded burgesses resent the intrusion of these men and women who are helping to win the war for them.

I don't know. I am merely trying to puzzle out what is in the minds of a Council that cannot accept a common-sense point of view and cater for the hungry workers.

Some lame excuses such as "It wouldn't pay" and "There is no site available" have been put forward to explain the rejection of the proposal. You know as well as I that such excuses in days like these are utter nonsense.

If the will to have a British Restaurant had existed that restaurant would be serving hundreds of people every day *now*.

Do come off the high-horse and be sensible.—JOHN BULL.

# SACRIFICE—AND THE ART OF GIVING

**ARGUE IT OUT**
★
**BY PALLAS**

EVEN to-day when so many things are in short supply there must be any amount of valuable goods rotting away in the backwaters of British homes. (Don't be misled; this is not a throw-out-your-salvage appeal.)

The other day I heard of a woman who went to a wardrobe where for years she had treasured coats, shoes and frocks and underwear of a daughter who had outgrown them.

★ ★ ★

Moths had ravaged the clothing. The shoes were cracked and useless. And I knew that within a mile of that woman's house were poor families to whom that wearing apparel would have been a godsend.

It may be that the mother kept those clothes for sentimental reasons. On the other hand, she probably just could not bring herself to the point of generosity, and say: "Here, take them; they're no use to me."

There are people like that. The power of giving comes hard to them; and the power of possession is strong within them.

I know gardeners who are so afraid that they might be short of produce themselves that they let vegetables run to seed and fruit decay, rather than give it away.

★ ★ ★

Nearly all of us, I suspect, have, to some degree, that hoarding instinct. Months ago, fired with a desire to help the salvage campaign, I went through my library with the intention of throwing out books I didn't want.

The first heap of books I put aside was large. Then I went through them again. A number I put back on the shelves. I just couldn't part with them.

Most women are the same. They decide on a good clean-out of the house and scour it from top to bottom But the fruits of the drive are usually a miserable little heap of absolute rubbish.

★ ★ ★

I don't know why the art of giving is so difficult to some people.

Generous people are happy people. To them, giving is living.

The U.S. nation responded nobly to the war savings appeal: "Give till it hurts." The men and women of the United Nations have given till it hurts. Some have given their lives; others their homes, their leisure, their comfort.

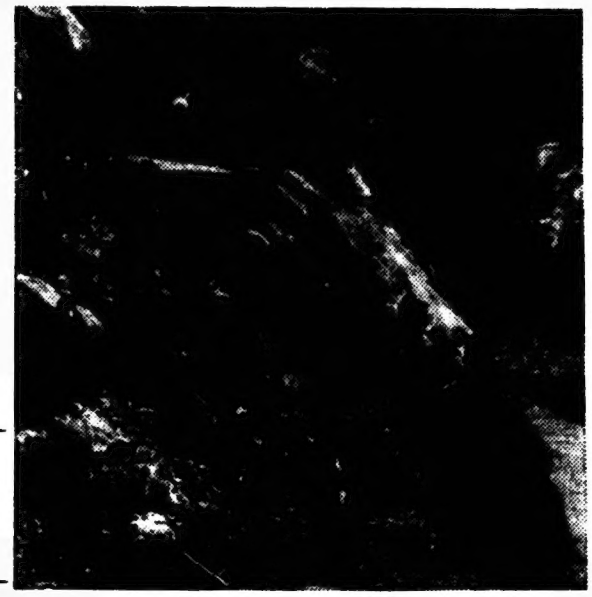
Without those gifts we would never have withstood the assault of Hitlerism.

Since 1939 we have progressed far along the sacrificial road—which is also the road of giving. And I hope when the end of the road is reached, and peace comes to soothe a shattered world the way of sacrifice will not be forgotten.

GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS OF TO-DAY—2

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

# Across the Roof of the World



*500,000 coolies like these are cleaving a new road into China*

***Behind the quiet determination of the men and women of the Free Nations lie achievements that surpass the greatest in the history of the world. Here, for instance, is the untold story of a feat bigger than the Great Wall of China—the building of the new Assam-China Road***

**THIS is a story that begins with elephants and azaleas—and ends with thousands of lorries rushing Lease-Lend material towards Chungking.**

**The saga of China's vital victory line—the new road that crosses dank jungles and roaring rivers and finally flings itself at a height of 10,000 feet across the humped Himalayan roof of the world.**

**At present it's a one-way pipe-line, pouring munitions—everything from gas-masks to the guns made in the new Indian arsenals—to General Chiang Kai-shek's forces.**

**Even the lorries never return. They bed down under camouflage nets in the Yangtse rice paddies. Or Chinese troops rush them on, right up to the battlefronts.**

**There's no room as yet for a double traffic line—and "China first" is the slogan.**

## *Hands and Elephants*

**But the tenuous initial track—running for 2,300 miles along the precipitous slopes and windswept steppes of Tibet and High Asia—has already smashed the Jap threat to cut China's supplies.**

**Cast your mind back to the days—little more than a year ago—when the Japanese severed the Burma Road.**

**Evacuating the last refugees of the exodus, the R.A.F. received a queer "come ahead" signal from the China Airways field at Myitkyina.**

**It was so fishy that our Assam personnel guessed the Japs had stormed the station and were setting a trap with a China Airways' code.**

**Two 'planes which it was impossible to warn did in fact go to Myitkyina—and were torn apart by machine-guns.**

**That self-same day Colonel Caleb Williams turned in the first full aerial survey of the proposed Assam Road, and Chungking gave the "go ahead" signal.**

**Building the Burma Road had taken three years for 737 miles. The Assam highway was to be three times as long, rise twice as high, face the added difficulty of torrential rains and landslides from June to October.**

**The completion of the one-way trail in less than twelve months was a triumph, not for steam shovels and pressure drills and tractors, but for 500,000 old men, women and children.**

**They blazed the way through the jungle, up mountain sides and through the snow-hemmed passes—*by hand*!**

**Coolie baskets slung across shoulders on bamboo poles removed tons of dirt. Wooden handscoops carved the grades. Children pulverised small stones cracked from larger ones by their mothers.**

**Elephants tugged away the azalea clumps—towering as giant oaks—in the Assam valleys. Gunpowder wedged into bamboo canes served for dynamite.**

**On the Litang-Chengtu sector the local workmen made wooden lathes, melted down holed Chinese coins for wheels and produced road tools.**

**Hundreds of bridges were made from willow and chestnut—felled and hewn on the spot.**

**But then came trouble.**

## *Fighting Fever*

**In the remoter Himalayan valleys death lay in waiting. Devils that devoured men, not to be conquered by lama magic. Here, too, silent and deserted, lay whole villages with ruined buildings filled with rotting bones.**

**Malignant malaria was the curse of these badlands, a tiny black mosquito the arch-demon behind it.**

**Led by Dr. Victor Haas, fifteen of China's plague experts and a group of sixteen U.S. medicos entered the fight.**

They called in another army of 200 Chinese doctors with 500 coolie assistants. They set thousands more to work ahead of the roadmakers, digging drains, building cleansing stations, stringing fine mesh.

Thousands of gallons of oil were spread on the breeding-grounds. Anti-mosquito vaccine was shipped from all over the world.

## *More Miracles*

The sky had always been filled with the drone of freight 'planes, twin-engined Douglas transports clipping the jagged peaks, carrying double loads through ice and storm-clouds.

Now Dr. Haas, benefiting by experience further south, called in another flying fleet to bomb the road camps with Paris green and other anti-mosquito dust.

Wounded aviators, on leave from the Chinese fronts, got back their flying skill by killing mosquitoes instead of Japs!

The camps, too, had always been guarded at night against prowling wolves and even leopards. Now all barracks had double doors with a sentry at each door to spray workmen—and keep out mosquitoes.

The dreaded devils were beaten. Men who had shunned the valleys and long lived lawlessly in the hills drifted back and joined the roadmakers when they learned of their magic immunity.

And as the rising trail probed higher into the Himalayan fastnesses there came other "miracles."

The Tibetan natives have a legend of a sea in the clouds, a sea that is the water supply of the gods of the mountain.

The legend became reality in a shimmering lake thirty miles long 8,000 feet in the mountains—a marvel which great rock barriers had jealously preserved from the eyes of all but a few.

**The "gods" themselves came down—angry armies of stone-throwing apes, with whom pitched battles were fought.**

**The job went on, whipping the rains, the snows and double misfortune.**

**Hundreds lost their lives in thunderous avalanches, in sudden floods amid the head-waters of the great Asiatic rivers.**

The tumultuous waters were drained by tiny water wheels originally used to irrigate rice fields.

Thousands of men and women cut off by a landslide were kept alive with supplies dropped by parachute.

Precarious rope bridges were replaced by amazing suspension bridges capable of taking the heaviest trucks and tractors.

In the "secret"—but now road-linked—city of Lhasa, the Dalai Lama staged a great welcome for the doctors and organising engineers.

And the job went on.

This colossal task, waged against incredible difficulties of terrain and provision, makes the fame of the Burma Road look bogus.

And to-day the second width is already progressing.

## *Lorries will Roll*

The truck drivers—men of steel—sleep at good rest-houses safe as can be from the malaria menace. Deep channels dug on the inner side of the road, with retaining walls and draining culverts, have inked out the landslide risk.

**The time is coming when giant lorries will race five and six abreast along a highway second to none in the world, rushing arms to serve China's big push, returning with loads of tungsten and quicksilver and the modern spices and silks and silver and jade of the Orient.**

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

# Another Good Dream Comes True

IMAGINE yourself in the lounge of an expensive club—a vast room luxuriously carpeted and dotted with armchairs and occasional tables.

On three sides of the lounge, doors open into tastefully furnished private bedrooms, equipped with hot and cold water.

The fourth side, the front, is a long, sweeping window of plastic glass, through which you may be gazing on a cloud-flecked sky.

The frames of the chairs, tables and your bed will be of magnesium, one of the curious metals that has leapt to the fore under the stress of war.

★ ★ ★

The cushions and mattress will be of synthetic foam rubber, so light and soft as to invite comparison wth the clouds outside.

Mural photographs let into the beautifully coloured plastic walls will show you some of the wonders of a world which, under conditions of modern travel, will have shrivelled to the size of a water melon.

One door will lead you into a small cinema, where you may see the latest news or feature films.

Another will take you into a television room where you will be linked through a full-size screen to events happenng in many parts of the world.

Through a third door will come the hot meal ordered from a full and varied menu a short time ago.

As you eat, or sit reading in your armchair, or move silently about the lounge, you will have no sensation of outward movement other than, perhaps, a vague sense of floating.

But you will be sweeping forward at hundreds of miles an hour far above the earth's surface.

You will be in a Flying Wing.

★ ★ ★

It is a wing so streamlined and beautifully designed that practically every square inch of it acts as a lifting surface.

Wind resistance will be virtually eliminated, and air-conditioning inside will "lock out" all changes of atmospheric pressure and temperature

No, this is not a dream!

It *was* a dream—a dream which, for twenty years Jack Northrop, famous American designer and builder of aircraft, pursued with unshaking purpose.

He is pursuing it no longer.

He has caught up with it and turned it into reality.

His Flying Wing, an aircraft without tail or fuselage, and whose engines themselves form part of the wing, has already completed hundreds of test flights in the hands of the U.S. Army Air Corps.

With the same engines as those fitted to a normal 'plane, the Flying Wing, by the very nature of its design, gains at least a hundred miles an hour in speed with no greater consumption of fuel!

Its detailed performance is as yet hush-hush.

But enough is known of it for even Jack Northrop's rivals to describe the Flying Wing as the most important development in transport aviation the world has ever known!

PATRICK SPENCER.

# Neutrals at the Crossroads

*Turkey's soldiers have had plenty of training. Now they have modern equipment, too. But isn't it time they took a hand in the real job of fighting on the side of their allies?*

**★ At this crisis of the war, there are two neutral States which, together, could force the quick decision the world needs.**

**By A. G. GARDINER**

"IF it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." The words of Macbeth fit the urgent mood of the world.

The question is no longer how the war will end. The question is when it will end.

No one, friend or foe, can doubt the portents of doom that are crowding in on Germany, by land, by sea, by air. How inexorable that doom is felt to be in Germany is revealed in the panic that has seized the criminals.

In their fear of the home front Himmler puts the nation in irons. In their fear of their victims they lash out like madmen at little Denmark.

In their fear of the encircling gloom they snatch at any hope of dividing their enemy.

They know their fate is sealed, and we know their fate is sealed. But they seek to delay it on the chance of some miraculous intervention. We want it quickly in order to end the agony and save the remnants of civilisation.

There are two ways in which Hitler's fortress can fall. They are not alternative ways. They are complementary ways.

It can fall from attack without, and it can fall from disintegration within. It will fall the quicker by both causes operating together.

The attack on the periphery of the fortress this summer has succeeded beyond our highest hopes. The eastern wall is caving in, the southern wall has been breached; and the Atlantic wall has been devastatingly scaled by air.

**WE ARE ON THE BRINK OF EVENTS WHICH WILL SHATTER THE OUTER DEFENCES AND BRING US TO GRIPS WITH THE HARD CORE OF THE ENEMY.**

But victory by external attack alone may be long delayed. Germany is still powerful, and the way to Berlin is long and formidable.

But the dazzling triumphs of this summer in Russia, in the Mediterranean and in the Atlantic have changed the complexion of the war. And in changing it they have changed the whole spirit of Europe.

It was the weapon of terror that gave Hitler his sensational conquest of the continent from Norway to Greece.

But the weapon is no longer in his hand. The conviction of his defeat has taken shape. It is no longer a spectral hope. It is a certainty.

*And with that certainty Fear has changed sides. It is no longer Europe that is stricken with Fear of Germany. It is Germany which is stricken with Fear of Europe —Fear of the enemy nations with which her gangsters have encircled her.*

This is the cardinal fact of the war today. It is the result, of course, of the military victories without, but in its effect it may well be more potent than the victories themselves.

It means that the moral attitude of Europe has been revolutionised. It means that, as despair strikes with a cold chill at the heart of Germany, the thought of deliverance floods the soul of the conquered peoples.

That thought, once established, will spread like a prairie fire fanned by a gale of wind. It will gather speed and passion with its own momentum. It will hasten the victory without by the forces of disruption within.

This new, and as I believe final, phase of the war is already in action.

Who can doubt the profound significance of what has happened in heroic Denmark? The smallest and most helpless of the states that have fallen under the tyranny of Hitler openly defies the tyrant.

Or consider all that is involved in the mysterious death of the wretched Boris of Bulgaria.

Watch the panic-stricken manœuvres of Hungary to escape from the doom that has already overtaken Italy. Horthy sees the net that has taken that great, clumsy whale Mussolini closing inexorably round him.

Note the nice polite things about us which Franco is allowing his spoon-fed Press in Spain to publish. He, too, sees the red light.

Observe the preparations of Laval and the Vichy gang to rat to any hole that will give them safety from the storm that is about to burst.

On the other hand, note the flame of revolt that is leaping ever higher in Greece and Yugoslavia. There is not a country in Europe, from Norway to Czechoslovakia, and from Poland to France, that does not await the hour of deliverance.

And when Europe, with one consent, rises against the hated tyrant in its midst, the end of the war will come with a swiftness and suddenness for which we must not be unprepared.

*The fortress may well fall from within before it falls from without.*

* * *

**AND THERE IS ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE COMING INTERNAL CONVULSION THAT ADDS TO THE FEAR WITH WHICH GERMANY IS HAG-RIDDEN. WHAT WILL THE NEUTRALS DO NOW THAT THE TIDE IS FLOWING SO FORMIDABLY AGAINST HER?**

There are two of them that seriously matter. Both Sweden and Turkey hold key positions.

They are considerable military powers, and though they have studiously observed their neutral status throughout the war, their sympathies have never been in doubt. They were deaf alike to the menaces and cajoleries of Hitler in his years of triumph.

Now they hold two of the most powerful pieces on the chess-board of the war. They are so powerful that together they could force the quick decision the world needs.

It is this fact that lends importance to the crisis that has arisen in the relations of Sweden and Germany.

Too late in the day Hitler has started the old bullying strain, and Sweden has met him

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Who knows? Perhap
Russia may then be free t
is Stalin's pigeon as well

## He Made All Britain Rejoice

JUST seventy years ago the first "doughboy" to visit Britain arrived at a Scottish port.

Colour-Sergeant Gilbert Bates, 24th Massachusetts Regt., was his name.

Whenever you hear of mischief-makers trying to cause mistrust between us and American visitors, remember that man.

* * *

He had fought, and fought gallantly, in the American Civil War.

The war over, he heard voices of mistrust and anger being raised against the Old Country—Britain.

It was when he heard unscrupulous politicians telling America that no American could walk with safety through the streets of Britain that Colour-Sergeant Bates made a great decision.

So he made up his mind to walk from one end of England to the other —in his old uniform, and with the Stars and Stripes fluttering at the top of his 10-feet hickory staff.

First he carried his flag through 1,500 miles of American streets that had known the horrors of Civil War.

Public joy was tumultuous. Women kissed the flag he was going to show to Britain. Old soldiers prostrated themselves at his feet. Some wept.

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ith a cold disdain that gives him the easure of the fall of his fortunes.

Nothing is less likely than that he will e permitted to blunder into another war. ut the defiance of Sweden will be a bitter ill for him to swallow, and it will add to the loom that overspreads Germany. For it hows where the Swedes stand in the war o-day and in the peace to-morrow.

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This analysis of the temper of Europe nds urgency to the strategy of the Western owers. It is well that the rising within the ortress should not be premature, but the ignal should not be long delayed.

Winter looms ahead, and the world that ants a quick decision has viewed with some nxiety the long pause between the conquest f Sicily and the grand assault.

*That anxiety is over. The grand assault as begun. Between now and Christmas the ortress will be in flames within. The hour f the neutrals will have come.*

Russia, which is making such a mighty ffort to deliver the knock-out blow before he winter is out, reasonably looks to us to eep pace with that effort.

And our millions of allies of all countries within the fortress pant for the hour to trike.

It is good news that the Quebec Conference has consolidated the alliance, and that the enemy's attempt to put grit in the Anglo-Russo-American machine has failed.

We have two things to do. We have to finish the war in the West quickly, and we have to hammer out a peace policy that will bear the signature of all the principals and will be endorsed by the commonsense of mankind.

Then we can turn to the final task—that of ridding the earth of the Japanese abomination.

Who knows? Perhaps in that final task Russia may then be free to lend a hand. Tojo is Stalin's pigeon as well as ours.

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And so, at last, he came to London, where Sir John Bennett's coach met him at Shepherds Bush.

So vast were the crowds that the police were helpless. The coach was dragged through miles of packed, frenzied streets to the Guildhall, where an English colour-sergeant with British standard held aloft was to meet him.

* * *

But the jam was so great that he had to be rolled over the heads of the people for that final meeting.

And he went back to America as poor as he came.

Colour-Sergeant Gilbert Bates killed mischief-making talk both in Britain and America for a whole generation.

Then the memory of him grew dim.

And so, to-day, it is not as hard as it should be for Herr Doctor Goebbels to keep the maligners talking.

Stop that talk whenever you hear it, in the name of those common people of the two English-speaking nations in whom this one-man League of Nations had such faith—in whom he would still have faith to-day.—MAURICE FAGENCE.

**★ When peace comes, we can make a century's progress in ten years. But the nation must find a Mr. X—a leader of foresight and iron resolution—declares HANNEN SWAFFER**

# But Where is the Man?

AS far as I can see, the Continent is bankrupt in broad-minded statesmanship. Nor can I point, in our own land, to any post-war leader possessed of vision, tolerance and the capacity to inspire the masses.

Peace will provide the greatest opportunity in all history.

Bravely led, Europe could make a century's progress in ten years. At the same time, Britain—did she but find an inspiring apostle of a new social order—could usher in, with an orderly determination, an era of social redemption.

Soon, there will come the Hour! But where is the Man?

### It's a Snare

"The hour provides the man" is not a fact, but only a self-satisfying phrase. It is a deluding encouragement of the policy of *laissez-faire*. Often in the past its use has led to disillusionment.

Glibly, some talk of European federation. Briand championed it—and he died, not only the most respected man in Europe but one of the most ignored.

A Customs union, a common coinage, the friendly settlement of frontier disputes—all those seem impossible at a time when, even in the hour of their joint peril, the Poles look askance at the Russians and the Czechs, and Yugoslavia is still a breeding-ground of grave differences between the Croats and the Serbs.

*Britain's "ordinary man" saved Europe. Surely he won't turn his back on history's finest opportunity!*

Leadership of the Continent could only come, I am proudly British enough to say, from our detached island. But—where is there any sign of it?

Where is there that confidence that will take chances in order to establish international righteousness? Where is that supreme faith that will move mountains of doubt and despair?

### Secret Plots

Already, the same forces that spread distrust both at home and abroad are secretly, and sometimes openly, at work—plotting to seize markets that should be used in common, sneering at all that planning necessary for an orderly world.

What we call "organisation," they dismiss as "regimentation." What we know to be sanity, they call "mad idealism."

Even in what remains of France, semi-Fascist officers hate all the ideas which, largely because of admiration of the courage and competence of the Soviet armies, are spreading through towns and villages now under the Nazi heel.

At the conference table, no doubt, Stalin will have a voice that will be vehement. But Russia, isolated and isolationist for many years, can scarcely be expected to be otherwise than realist.

Not only will she be faced with the need for urgent reconstruction and rehabilitation in her own land, where millions will face semi-starvation. She will be, so far as the outside world is concerned—that is, unless there are immediate and sincere approaches both from London and Washington—resentful and suspicious.

I may be wrong, but I doubt if Dr. Benes, who is probably the most broad-minded of all the Continent's democratic statesmen, will have as much authority in his own land as he did before the war.

No names stand out in Greece, in Yugoslavia, in Holland, or in Belgium. In France, the only pre-war leaders still alive—we hope—are Blum, Mandel and Herriot.

And all of them have been broken, or become weakened by disease, in some concentration camp.

Any potential leaders are presumably now unknown men of Communist tendencies—men whom statesmen from Britain and the States would suspect, if they did not fear them.

As for our own lot, Churchill said, a few months back, that he would see the war out, and then retire.

He may, by now, have changed his mind, for he must fear, no doubt, that without him to head it at the polls, Conservatism has little or no chance at the hands of people who see only its failure, and who fear that it represents only Big Business, the landed classes, and those who believe in "the good old days."

But, if Winston were the head of a post-war Government, should we find suddenly implemented the Beveridge Plan, schemes for rebuilding our blitzed towns without vast profit-taking by speculators, and implementation of the pledges of a New World made in our days of stress? I doubt it.

### Candidates

There seems no hope of a Liberal revival. Besides, who is to lead it? Sir Archibald Sinclair, well-meaning though he may be, has the mind of a Scottish laird.

The other alternative—that is, unless a new party, of which there is no sign, arose in the hour of emergency—is Labour.

Its leaders in the Government acquiesced in the shelving of the Beveridge Report and, so far as we have been told, raised no loud protest against the hold-up of post-war planning.

Greenwood, partly out of loyalty to his chief, missed the great chance he had in September, 1939.

Bevin has little of the tact needed to bind the Socialists and the trade unions into one cohesive whole.

Morrison, probably the most capable of all Labour's statesmen, has little, if any, trade union backing. He is an administrator rather than an inspiring personality.

More, he has too tidy a mind to believe much in sudden change.

Leadership, if it is to come, must be found in the determined will of the people.

It was the Chartist revolt that, after the Napoleonic wars, brought about the passing of the great Reform Bill.

It was largely the revivalist zeal in the Free Churches that was the strength behind Lloyd George when he brought in his measures—and those of Churchill, then a Radical—of social insurance, unemployment relief and medical assistance.

From whence, this time, will come the drive? It must come from the masses of the people themselves.

### Not Enough

George Gibson, one of the most competent of T.U.C. leaders, argues for "The Four Decencies"—that is a decent job, a decent home, decent solid security and a decent education for every child.

But they are not enough.

Trumpery arguments against dilution of labour still worry some of the trade unions—at a time, too, when pre-fabrication of houses is necessary to find homes for ex-soldiers and the evacuated families, and when dilution of labour will mean more work for more people.

Narrowness of view, both among employers and employed, stand in the way of better housing and wider distribution of products. Obliquity of vision among Church leaders block the path to better education for all.

Yet, I do not despair of the people themselves.

Our island race from whose country sprang, in the past, almost all the international movements—the Sunday schools, the temperance crusade, Red Cross nursing, the Salvation Army, the lifeboat service and the boy scouts—surely can provide not only ideas for a post-war world but the will to insist on them and carry them into practice.

They braved, all alone once, the Blitz. With no nation on their side, they fought on for months when all Europe despaired.

Surely—surely—these people will not, when Peace comes, turn their backs on the greatest opportunity that Fate gave to any race, in any hour!

# CROOK MARQUIS PAINTS FACES

By OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

OLD-ESTABLISHED manufacturers of beauty preparations, limited as they are to a small fraction of their pre-war output, may well wonder who is the business genius behind "Leroy Cosmetiques: London, Paris, New York."

For it is astonishing how much that grandiose-sounding business has to sell seeing that it was founded as recently as 1941.

I have some of its bills before me. I need give one example only of the lavishness with which it has managed to supply retailer-customers.

A small shop that has hitherto managed to get only seven or eight pounds' worth of beauty preparations a month from all the old-established firms finds no difficulty in buying from thirty pounds' worth or more whenever the Leroy Cosmetiques agent calls.

True, the bills rendered by the firm bear no printed address of Leroys. They are, indeed, merely pencilled out on blank paper, not even the name of the customer being given.

Not, I should say, for cheapness sake, because "Leroy Cosmetiques: London, Paris, New York," managed to issue their own blotter-calendar for 1942.

But what do a few eccentric business methods matter when Leroys have the goods?

And now to tell jealous rivals a little about the super-keen buyer whose genius in getting raw materials in short supply has put Leroy Cosmetiques in so strong a position in so short a time.

His real name is George Ernest Hector Leroy. And that is the name in which he invites the women of Britain to entrust their complexions to him.

*A marquis—or just George Ernest Hector Leroy?*

## QUICK-CHANGE MERCHANT

But of course he has not always been interested in complexions. George Ernest Hector Leroy has had to contrive to live in days when there was no Black Market to provide a man with easy money.

In those days he has made a succession of polished appearances as a doctor, dentist, journalist, company promoter, petroleum merchant, boarding house or billiard hall proprietor, wine merchant or charity appeal organiser—or even, when dupes have been too discerning, as a prisoner in the dock.

Then he was Doctor Leroy, or Doctor Stuart, humble Bob Stuart or the Marquis de la Bra as his fancy—and the needs of his pocket—dictated.

It is interesting how he got into the beauty business in which he is proving such a big success at the moment.

He has always had an instinct for get-rich-quick schemes.

Mainly his aim has been to interest people with money in mushroom concerns, and finish up by getting the money. In this branch of his activities, women have been his principal prey.

On many occasions his tricks brought him in hundreds of pounds at a single stroke. The list of his hauls is both long and boring. But they have earned him prison sentences for fraud and false pretences as well.

## EASY PROFITS

So when he saw that, as long as you hadn't got valuable goodwill to lose, you could sell raw materials valued at coppers as beauty preparations for which women were willing to pay pounds, he was at once interested.

He had met a woman who claimed she had once run a perfumery company that had to be closed down through circumstances beyond her control.

On the strength of this, a small Board of Trade quota was obtained for the ingredients from which cosmetics are made.

If there ever was such a business in the district she named it was a very small one. But the fact that Leroy had connections in the same neighbourhood is proved by the debts there left behind in his name!

His first "laboratory" was opened in the kitchen of a house at Sutton, where, on the statement that he was founding Leroy Cosmetiques, Ltd., he wheedled £250 out of a young man on the promise of a £4-a-week job.

He now has neither the job nor a penny of his money.

Then a new "laboratory" was decided on.

## IN ARREARS

Leroy left Sutton owing the landlady of the house in which he mixed his scents, haircreams, lipsticks, and so on, several months' rent—money which, as she is the widow of a soldier lost in the present war, she needed badly.

He raised some hundreds of pounds from another woman to found the fortunes of his high-sounding company. Her solicitor was able to get an agreement for the repayment of the sum in instalments, but the instalments are in arrears.

Also he got £80 from an Indian man who responded to an advertisement, and was hoping to get employment for his investment. Again this man has neither his money nor the job.

And soon the new "laboratory" was functioning in the kitchen of his house at Wallington, Surrey.

That he has been able to build up a considerable business from such a meagre headquarters is due firstly to his ability to get big supplies of raw materials—although some are materials the best makers would disdain to use—and secondly to the plausibility which has stood him in such good stead throughout his criminal life.

For instance, he has told certain of the firms of wholesalers he has swindled that he has five ranches in America which his son is managing until he returns to them—an excellent example of distant control, seeing that his son is earning an honest living as a waiter in a café on New York's Broadway.

The son has also been described by Leroy as a viscount in his own right.

The blunt fact is that Leroy is a skilful and polished old crook whom the war has presented with new fields for exploitation.

He knows these are days in which he can get as much for his kitchen-made products as big firms for products on which they have spent scores of thousands of pounds in research.

## FINE PRICES

Indeed, there are many such reputable firms who would like to get eleven guineas WHOLESALE for 5½ dozen lipsticks, the price charged by Leroys to a small hairdresser, and who would enjoy even more having 5½ dozen to offer to their biggest customers.

Whether it is for his cold, vanishing, turtle or powder creams, his lacquers, powders, rouges, refills or what you will, Leroy exacts wholesale prices which are certainly higher than those of the vast majority of old-established makers of beauty preparations.

The term Black Market, so far as I know, has never been exactly defined.

I invite the Board of Trade to make immediate and thorough examination of Leroy's business with a view to finding whether his methods differ in any respect from those which have come to be known as Black Marketing.

I invite them, in particular, to examine those bills of his which bear neither the printed name of his company nor any name and address—even in pencil—of the customers he is supplying.

Nor has his trickery, throughout the years, been confined to England.

As far away as in Ayr and Lanark there are people who hold lifelong regrets that they ever heard his name.

In Manchester his character is particularly well known; while people on whom he has imposed in one way or another can be found in London, Bognor, Tunbridge Wells, Durham, Pagham, Weybridge, and in various other widely separated parts.

I feel it is a public duty to turn this limelight on Leroy and his operations—in justice both to manufacturers who carry on loyally and honestly on drastically limited quotas, and to that army of women with complexions to protect who may feel that "Leroy Cosmetiques: London, Paris, New York," means something more than a Wallington kitchen.

## HUMAN MACHINE

### USING KNOWLEDGE

**● There need never be any feeling of inferiority on anyone's part that he cannot do this, that, or the other. There is a great deal too much misunderstanding about what people can and cannot do.**

**It is true that we have not all got exactly the same physical equipment. Some people undoubtedly have better physical brains than others, just as some people demonstrably have better muscles than others. But there is one thing that is open to all—the chance to make the very fullest use of the machinery that we possess.**

**The real difference between the able man and the failure is that the able man is simply the one who has used his possessions. The best brains, like the strongest muscles, are quite useless if they are not used.**

**"Genius," said a writer, "is the ability to perceive the hitherto unknown and to adapt it to a purpose." Could there possibly be a better definition? Isn't it open to any of us to be a genius on those terms? Haven't we all got an equal chance? But how many of us, even if we "perceive the hitherto unknown," turn lazy and leave to someone else the much more difficult task of "adapting it to a purpose"!**

**To observe, to think, and then to make some *practical* use of knowledge—these are the things that we all can do if we wish; and to what extent we can do them we none of us know till we try. The trouble is that we are so seldom willing to try. Innate laziness, physical and mental, is the common heritage of us all. It is whoever overcomes it best who gets ahead of the rest!**

**A man can, on the whole, do what he is willing to attempt. Too many people blame fate for what is nothing more than their own disinclination to sustain effort.**

# IT MAY PAY YOU THOUGH YOU LOSE!

A QUEER combination of football and horse racing pools, accident and sickness insurance, plus racing tips is being offered by the National Co-operative Sports Club, Penton Road, Staines, Middlesex.

Such a title suggests impressive premises, but the home of this national concern is the modest villa of Mr. J. Mitchell, a director, in a quiet suburban road.

To enjoy the advertised benefits of this Club you pay 5s. down and another 5s. 6d. when fully enrolled as a member, and you are then entitled to take part in the pools run by the Club.

**Why anyone should pay 10s. 6d. to enter football pools is not clear—except that the organisers suggest that you will "draw bonuses and dividends on your losings."**

**Thus though you may lose on your football pools, you will apparently draw in bonuses and dividends on your losses!**

Not content with helping you to easy money in this way, the National Co-operative Sports Club have a Racing Expert with "first-hand information" who, for the small sum of 1s., will tell you what trainers themselves would like to know.

★ ★ ★

If you pay £1 11s. 6d. as a Preference member you are entitled to certain Insurance benefits.

But if you take our advice you'll save your money.

Yes—even though the more money you lose on the pools, the bigger dividends you are promised!

### PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

*Mrs. E. M. Field, Main Street, Branston, Burton-on-Trent, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.*

*Letters are appreciated about any suspected swindle or ramp. Address: JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

# SCISSORS OF DESTINY

**★Gwen found a new way to trap a complacent murderer!**

*There was no reason why the respected Chairman of the District Council should not go into the scrap-book, but it led to a hanging*

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY By HARRY HEARSON

LISTEN! I want to tell you about my lovely new pair of scissors. You all know me—Gwen, the Inspector's little girl at the police station in the market square—and I'm going to tell you about how I got the scissors. You'd better listen, too, because you might be affected.

I didn't know, when I found the old pair of scissors in the sandalwood chest in the attic, that they had an exciting history.

I found out later that my father had put them there when he was a constable, before he married my mother and got to be an inspector and was put in charge here at Market Wolding.

The scissors were part of a case which caused a great stir in this quiet old town from all I can hear about it. A Mr. Crawley, who had come to live in the old Georgian house facing the market square, had murdered his wife and vanished.

There was some talk of her having been involved with a young lawyer, who had to leave the town because of it, and that was said to be why Mr. Crawley had killed her.

The maid had come in one day from her afternoon off, and a few minutes later had run screaming out into the market place.

She had found her mistress's body on the boudoir floor, with her own cutting-out scissors plunged into her heart.

My father had done what he could; but the Chief Constable of the county had sent for people from Scotland Yard. Not that they did much better, it seems, for all they found were Mr. Crawley's fingerprints on the scissors. They never found Mr. Crawley himself.

Of course, I knew nothing about all this when I first found them. They must have been lying in darkness there for years, and the outsides of the thin, sharply-pointed blades were powdered over with rust, and the steel was mottled towards the points.

I might have taken no more notice of them then, except that I found an old pile of dusty, cobwebbed copies of the *Market Wolding Gazette*, and thought suddenly what fun it would be to cut out pictures and pieces of writing and make up a sort of scrap-book.

SO I got a big exercise book and began to do it.

I took the copies of the *Gazette* one at a time, starting with the oldest ones, and it was while I was going through them like this that I came across the case of poor Mrs. Crawley.

When I read about it I worked up quite a thrill by pretending to myself that my rusty old scissors were the very ones that had been plunged into the lady's heart. I never dreamt, of course, that they really *were*. I only found that out later on.

There were pictures of Mrs. Crawley and her husband in the *Gazette*, and I cut them out extra carefully and pasted them side by side. I thought she had rather bold eyes, something like the eyes of the gipsy girls who knock at the door to sell ribbons and things; but *he* was very handsome, with a clean face and nice, friendly eyes looking at you out of the picture.

I did tell my mother that I'd read about the case, without letting on about my scrap-book, and she must have told my father, because I heard them talking about it.

It was then that I heard the lawyer mentioned, which explained things a bit, because there had been nothing about him in the *Gazette*, and I'd wondered *why* Mr. Crawley murdered his pretty young wife. I suppose it would have been libel if they'd printed it.

I started to ask my mother about it again one afternoon, when that nice old Mr. Jenkins was having tea with us. Him living at the old Georgian house made me think of it. But my mother shushed me, and I thought I caught a twinkle in the old gentleman's eyes as he peered at me, stroking his beard as if he were thinking of something to say. Then my father started to talk about something to do with the town, Mr. Jenkins being the Chairman of the District Council.

Afterwards, when he had gone, my mother explained that nobody talked about it to Mr. Jenkins.

"You see, dear," she said, "it might make the old gentleman uncomfortable to be reminded of it, seeing that he lives in the same house." And she went on to tell me how, for two years after the murder, nobody would live there because it was said the place was haunted, until Mr. Jenkins came along and bought it.

I shouldn't have thought a thing like that would have bothered old Mr. Jenkins. He was so friendly with everybody that I should think he would be friendly to a ghost, too.

Still, my mother said not to talk about it in front of him, so I didn't.

But that was no reason why he shouldn't go into my scrap-book along with the others, so a few weeks ago, when he was re-elected as chairman of the Council for the fifth year in succession, and the *Gazette* printed a big picture of him, I cut it out to fill up the last page of my book.

I was just going to paste it in when I thought what fun it would be to cut off his beard and make it look as if he hadn't got one. So that's what I did, and the result was a real shock. He looked quite different. I stared at him for a long time with my head on one side, then I took the book down and sprang it as a surprise on my father and mother.

They were ever so nice about it, and said how clever I was; but it wasn't until they'd looked right through the book that I told them the funny thing I'd seen about Mr. Jenkins.

It was an awful shock to them.

I never saw my scrap-book again.

They used it in court, and the *Gazette* described it as an "exhibit." The old scissors I'd used were an "exhibit" too.

I heard my father explaining the case to a man who had come down from Scotland Yard. According to what my father said, it was a new version of the old truth that the best way to hide something was to put it in the most obvious place.

THAT was why Mr. Crawley had been so clever about vanishing and had never been caught. He hadn't really vanished, of course. What he had done was to grow a beard and adopt a different manner, and come back to Market Wolding as Mr. Jenkins to live in the same house in which he'd murdered his wife.

Of course, as soon as I cut the beard off with the rusty old scissors you could see in a moment it was exactly the same face as the one I'd pasted into my scrap-book earlier on, side by side with the pretty lady with the bold eyes.

They hanged Mr. Jenkins—Mr. Crawley, I mean—at the gaol in the county town before breakfast this morning, and when I came down my father and mother told me they weren't going to talk about it again after this, but they wanted to tell me what a sharp little girl I was, and that they'd decided to give me a present to make up for losing my old scissors.

And when I unwrapped the parcel I found this lovely bright new pair of scissors that I was telling you about.

I was quite excited about it, and my father told me I'd be able to make a grand scrap-book with them.

But before I start I thought I'd warn you that this time I'm going through all the old books I can find with bits in them about Market Wolding people, as well as what's left of the old copies of the *Gazette*, and I'm going to experiment with cutting off beards and putting them on other people, and changing pairs of spectacles from one person to another, and all that. So if any of you are living here in disguise you'd better look out, that's all!

You can't say I didn't tell you to listen.

## MR. BRACKEN GETS LOOSE

EVEN if there are not a lot of good comics in the B.B.C., there are one or two good comics out of the B.B.C.

Take Mr. Brendan Bracken, Minister of Information. He seems to be well on the way to becoming the Government's "Enoch."

"Hess," said Mr. Brendan Bracken recently, "babbled away, highly excitable, altogether foolish, and we could not get a grain of sense out of him. He's an overgrown Boy Scout."

★ ★ ★

Which makes you think.

It even made Mr. Brendan Bracken himself think.

So that next day he went to the expense of a cable to Lord Somers, head of the Boy Scout movement, in case there was "any misunderstanding."

It seems to me that Mr. Brendan Bracken, not liking the fire very much, put on his hat and took a walk into the frying-pan.

"I used the phrase that Hess was an overgrown Boy Scout," he cabled, "only in the loose sense that it is sometimes used to indicate a man who has never grown up."

Well, newspapers are there to give you news, and when I read this in my newspaper it was certainly news to me.

No doubt Mr. Brendan Bracken and I move in different circles, but in the circles in which I move I do not remember anybody ever running about calling men who have never grown up overgrown Boy Scouts. Even in a loose sense.

Whatever a loose sense may be.

In a loose sense I suppose you could call any fat-headed ass an overgrown Boy Scout.

Men who sit on poles for a week to win championships. Men who sit on piers for ten hours without catching so much as a shrimp.

I suppose you could call all of them overgrown Boy Scouts. In a loose sense.

The life and soul of the party who Just Can't Stop. The man who goes into the post office for a penny stamp and says he thinks he'd like "that one in the middle of the sheet." The man who pulls your tie out at a picnic.

★ ★ ★

In the low circles in which I move such people are known as plain Damn Fools.

But in the high circles in which Mr. Brendan Bracken moves it appears they are known as overgrown Boy Scouts. In a loose sense.

That is, if Mr. Brendan Bracken is to be believed. If he really means it.

Perhaps Mr. Brendan Bracken is only an overgrown Boy Scout himself.

In a loose sense. A. G.

## FORCES WELCOME BOOKS

NO, there's not much room in a "sub" or one of the little ships; certainly no space to spare for entertainment—so books are always welcomed, to be read and read again.

In three months almost a quarter of a million books and magazines were sent to our Forces in Africa.

Many books and magazines are sent all over the world—from the Faroes to the Falklands, to China and the Congo. They are companions of Commandos in invasion barges, and Paratroops while waiting for "the drop."

Books were so popular in Malta that they were called "moral ammunition"—and supplies were so short that some were taken in by submarine.

Throughout the country Book Drives are taking place. Make them successful by turning out every book and magazine you can spare!

AIR EPICS OF THE ACES—4. By ROY DONNE

# Guns in the Stratosphere

***★ Ten miles above the earth a Spitfire met a German stratofighter, in the combat which combined pioneering with an outstanding R.A.F. victory***

CLIMBING nearly ten miles high and for a time too frozen to fire his guns—that's the "high-spot" of an R.A.F. experimental pilot who was the first to fight the Germans in the weird Wellsian world of the stratosphere.

In that grim remoteness of hard breathing, paralysing cold and purplish-black skies, Flying Officer G. W. H. Reynolds, D.F.C., was a surprising star.

**Flying in a battleground of young men of almost superhuman fitness, he was close on forty; a business man from Kenya, who had never piloted a 'plane till he was thirty-five.**

**Unknown but for the brief hour of fame as a stratosphere ace, he then vanished behind the veil of secrecy surrounding the conquest of the upper air.**

Great things were happening when, in the autumn of 1942, he took off from an Egyptian airfield to meet his first strato-Hun.

A "Shufti Kite," he called it, *shufti* being Arabic for "look," and the German's excursions being look-and-run affairs.

To give its formal title, this German was a long-range reconnaissance bomber, a JU 86P.

## Ghost Plane

Just about that time the British public awoke one morning to read with mixed feelings that a JU 86P, which "may have dropped some small bombs," had been reported at a great height over England.

Over Russia, a Me. 109G stratofighter was sighted.

The German "ghost" 'plane of the high skies, with only its vapour trail visible from the ground even on the clearest day, had arrived.

What it experienced two thousand miles away at the hands of the middle-aged test pilot from Kenya is one of the reasons that little has been heard of it since.

Flying Officer Reynolds was more than eight miles up in a specially stripped Spitfire when he met his first "ghost" snatching pictures of the Eighth Army below.

Surprised at encountering a British challenger where it thought it had the sky to itself, it promptly turned tail for home.

## The Guns would Fire

Crossing the Mediterranean, it was far out to sea before Reynolds caught it up, opened fire with his cannon, set its starboard engine ablaze, saw it go into a dive and disappear.

Contrary to R.A.F. custom requiring corroborative evidence, he was credited with a "kill."

No details were disclosed; it was not even stated whether any of his shells pierced its sealed-pressure cabin.

Such artificial pressure forces oxygen into the high-flyer's lungs, and one theory had been that to puncture the cabin would bring instant death to those inside and cause their bodies and the cabin itself to explode like pricked balloons.

What *was* revealed was that guns could be fired in the rarefied air and that a Spitfire pilot could fire them.

The pioneer nearing forty went up many times over the eight-miles mark, while to give them a still higher ceiling the fitters worked on his and other experimental Spitfires.

One of these was flown by Pilot Officer G. E. C. Genders, D.F.M., a twenty-two-year-old Doncaster "veteran" of Greece, Crete and the Western Desert; another by the third member of Reynolds' trio, Pilot Officer Gold.

"The Three Musketeers of the Strato" they were dubbed at their station.

They had trimmed their wings to go

*Dedicated to power and speed, the latest Spitfire does not provide much comfort for the pilot*

higher still by the time the next "Shufti Kite" came over, flying at even greater altitude than the first victim.

It wasn't Reynolds' quarry this time. Genders intercepted it nine miles up, chased it so far out to sea that he was short of petrol when he closed to attack, punctured its pressure cabin and forced it down.

Gold trapped it on the dive, shot it down and, after an amazing dogfight that mayn't yet be described, safely reached home with only two gallons of petrol left.

Genders had fought with even less.

At nine miles up he found himself with empty tanks and, trying to glide to his base, survived one of the most extraordinary ordeals of any airman.

Like Reynolds and Gold he carried no dinghy, as in this neck-to-neck duel for mastery in the stratosphere they discarded every possible ounce of weight to gain height.

Height meant even more than their precious lives as research combatants.

**And with no dinghy and only a thousand feet separating him from the sea after his long glide, Genders had to bale out forty miles from the coast.**

**How he swam or drifted with the tides for twenty-one hours, dragged himself ashore to the amazement of two sportsmen out duck-shooting, and finally turned up at his base in native attire, is a story ranking as high among fantastic survivals as did the next encounter of his leader, Reynolds, among stratosphere records.**

This time the older ace ascended nearly ten miles for the "kill."

What can be told of his experience is enough to give a vivid glimpse of what it was like to fight at an altitude where no airman had joined combat before.

The temperature in his cockpit dropped to 67 deg. below zero—99 deg. of frost!

## Unsurpassed Spitfires

He battled with ice coating his perspex hood, instruments and control column.

Faint and sick, with pain in his limbs almost blinding him, he raced his Spitfire on till it was within a hundred yards of his foe.

Then, when he tried to move his hands to open fire he found they were paralysed, frozen stiff.

He saw the Hun, better able to manœuvre though with half his own speed, turn and break away for home across the sea.

For over an hour he had flown nine miles high. How much longer could he stick it?

Frozen, with no dinghy, he felt that beautifully blue and sunlit water far below one of the most forbidding sights he had ever seen.

Somehow he caught up with it again, steering his aircraft by manipulating his weight and finally freeing his frozen hands "sufficiently," so the record says, "to join combat and fulfil his purpose."

**As he turned and looked longingly down to his home coast it seemed only a hand's breadth away.**

**It was a hundred miles; but, gliding from "heaven to earth," he made it while the Sea-Rescue boats were out looking for him.**

So ended the last revealed chapter in the best story of the stratosphere.

**Once more the wizard nearly forty had brought his precious experimental craft home with added knowledge that has since helped to keep the R.A.F. on top of anything the *Luftwaffe* puts over.**

**To-day the unsurpassed Spitfire—steady and sustained victor from 1939 to 1943—has progressed far in stratosphere supremacy beyond those earlier experimental excursions of little-known pioneers like Reynolds and his kind.**

## MOST PEOPLE WANT TO BELIEVE

*MOST people want to Believe. But they find their faith sorely tried. They've suffered so much, and lost so much for which they've toiled and strived. They've given, and given again, and been cheated and badly let down. They've done their best in all they could and yet met fortune's frown.*

*MOST people want to Believe. They want Heaven at life's end. They know full well that life's not enough without The Master Friend. And they'd earnestly like to pray, but they've found prayer so remote, like tuning in to a station from which they can get no responding note.*

*MOST people want to Believe. They want to do good and live straight. They want to fight down life's temptations and be free from sin and hate. But it doesn't work out like that, life's so full of dark treacherous traps, it's so furrowed with disappointments, and injustices, and mishaps.*

*MOST people want to Believe. But they've seen their bright hopes mocked. They've watched the fields of their labours with misfortune heavily smocked. And yet they still want to believe, and that is the greatest test. For when we want to believe enough, God's belief in us does the rest.* J. M.

*Hesitating between two women, can he care deeply for one of them?*

**★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)**

# BUT WOULD HE BE HAPPY WITH EITHER?

PROBLEMS during the last few weeks have been on the serious side, so to-day I am turning to lighter ones. Here is the first—from a youth of twenty:

**At my age it is natural that my mind should turn to thoughts of engagements and weddings, but, unfortunately, I am carrying on with two girls at once.**

**One lives near by and I see her very often; the other is sixty miles away, but I see her fairly regularly when I go there on business.**

**I have known both girls for nearly three years, and I imagine they are both wondering if I shall propose. I like them both very much and cannot decide which I want to marry. Whichever I choose the other will feel she has been deceived. Can you help me to make up my mind?**

No man can decide for another in such a case, and, frankly, I would not do it if I could.

Eric Linklater has a story about a young medical student who contrived to get engaged to two girls at once. He solved the difficulty by inviting them both to lunch with him. At the end of the meal he told them what had happened and left the solution to the girls.

One of them arose with great dignity and sailed out of the restaurant. "I wasn't going to do that," said the other, so the matter was settled.

The writer of the letter is not so deeply involved. My own impression is that he will probably marry neither girl.

HE "likes" them both, but he has not reached the stage where life without one particular girl is unthinkable. When that happens he won't ask advice of me or anybody else.

**I am in a quandary,** says a young journalist. **So far I have avoided the customary pleasures of life—including the companionship of girls**

have resolutely ignored girls who seemed to be interested in me, even when I was equally interested in them. My career came before all else.

Now I am beginning to wonder whether I have been wise.

Is it best to be unhampered in my work by any obligations and yet to be continually tantalised by the thought of what I am missing? Or would it be better to settle and have the responsibilities of a family man?

After the war I want to be free to travel and live my own life, so the prospect of a wife and children rather alarms me.

I know that marriage is the right thing, but I am not concerned with that. My interest is purely selfish. Which kind of life will be better for my work?

WE often talk about the choice between two evils, but this man has to choose between two good things and he can't have both.

For a writer it is important that he should travel and gather all kinds of experience in all sorts of places, and the time to do this is while he is young. If he does not do this he will always be regretting what he has missed.

I suggest that a couple of years of roaming will probably satisfy him.

Most of us have romantic ideas about foreign travel which are based upon delusions, but it is well to clear one's mind of them instead of living in a world of make-believe. I ask the young journalist to see my final words of advice to the writer of the first letter.

A third reader asks a question which has occurred to many others:

Why is it that women have the theory that no two hats or dresses should be made alike? I heard one say recently after returning from church that she did not enjoy the service one little bit, because another worshipper had a hat exactly like her own!

Another lady waiting at the 'bus stop was furious, because she saw another with a pair of shoes just like hers.

I have lately heard of two ladies at a seaside hotel who came downstairs with identical dresses. They came from places miles apart, but neither of those dresses was seen again.

ONE'S first thought is of the thousands of girls in uniform. They seem happy enough to look alike, and they are spared the long hours of thought about how to appear "different" and how to create an impression.

Men don't fully understand the importance of dress from a woman's point of view. They think the changing fashions are mainly a "racket" invented by the trade to increase sales.

Coupons have had an unexpected effect in bringing out a great many discarded dresses that were "thrown away" although they were still good for years.

A woman will glance at her neighbour's frock and remark, "That was '37," or "Look at this hat! Centuries old! Well, at least seven years!"

To a masculine eye it seems that every old fashion returns if one waits long enough.

The ideals of pre-war days have to be scrapped until the days of plenty come back once more, and none of us should feel ashamed to wear old clothes. Here is an opportunity for the thrifty to do what they always wanted to do.

But changing fashions are not the racket which we men suppose. One would think that a beautiful dress will always be beautiful, but if it does not suggest in some subtle manner the spirit of the age it fails to satisfy. The prevailing colours of any particular year express what women are feeling even though they cannot put it into words.

***★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Reader's Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2***

*LANDING troops at night on a hostile shore is not only exciting but eerie, as signalman F. A. Morrison, H.M.S. ....., testifies in a letter to a friend at Eastcheap Buildings, London, E.C.4.*

We helped to escort the Eighth Army from the Eastern Mediterranean, and arrived at the landing place in the early hours of the morning. We and another boat went on ahead to do a spot of reconnaissance. Gosh! it was an eerie sensation.

Suddenly we seemed to be almost on the beach, and we were all expecting something to happen. It did!

Without warning, we were smack-bang in the beam of a harbour defence searchlight. Then more startling still, it went out!

And we waited for surprises.

Well, we managed to get the first lot of troops ashore, and then the fun started. There were crumps, bangs, yells and tracers flying about all over the place. It was a bit awkward owing to our inability to fire for fear of hitting our own chaps.

When dawn came we found that the Army had taken pretty nearly all the beaches, so we spent the forenoon having a "free for all" with the few remaining shore batteries.

Later, when things had quietened down and we were looking round for something to strafe, there came behind one of our cruisers a huge column of water followed by a couple of thumps. A queer sort of silence followed—as if everyone was watching to see what the cruiser would do about it.

We had not long to wait. She seemed to bristle with indignation at such insolence; slowly and majestically her nine guns swung round and leisurely elevated.

Then they spoke a short and sharp reply—and there were no more shells from the shore battery!

After that it was mainly a matter of driving off and shooting down enemy planes. They dropped tons of stuff that day, but they didn't hit a blooming thing.

Next, there was the small matter of capturing a town. We entered the harbour very cautiously with a Greek destroyer, and Mac went ashore with a First Lieutenant and put the White Ensign up in the town. There was little opposition.

*The cruiser's guns spoke once—the Italian shore battery did not reply*

## FETE IN PRISON CAMP

*Pte. J. L. Williams, who was captured in Greece and is now in a German prison camp, writes to his parents at Duncan Road, Ramsgate, Kent:*

I have now entered my third year of captivity, and perhaps this year will see us free men again.

Last Saturday was a red-letter day in camp, as we held a "Merrie England" Fair, which was a wonderful "do." Preparations had been going on in our spare time for many weeks. We had processions, competitions, horse races, clowns, and a dozen side-shows.

It may not sound very exciting to you, but to us it was a first-rate event.

Birthday wishes to dad, and I hope to be home in good time for his next.

## TIGER, TIGER

*Serving with the R.A.F., India Command, Cpl. L. Robinson meets a tiger and writes home about it to his parents at Sompting, near Worthing:*

We were coming back the other evening when we saw a fully grown tiger emerge leisurely from the undergrowth a few yards away, and we decided that it was no time to sit down and scratch our heads.

Whether his intentions were friendly or otherwise, we shall never know. Eight of us shouted with surprise and fear at the unexpected appearance of a real tiger, and to our astonishment he hurried off into the jungle, while we hurried off to our billets.

The trouble is that the rest of the boys don't believe our story. They seem to think that we ought to have brought the animal in on a lead, just to convince them.

## ON ITALIAN SOIL

*And here is a description of the landing at Sicily by L./Sgt. F. Snookes, Royal Signals, in a letter to his wife at Mulberry Street, Ryhill, near Wakefield:*

When I wrote the last few letters I was learning how to climb up and down ladders, how to rush from landing craft on to beaches, and how to climb mountains.

Then came the embarkation, and we set sail for an unknown destination. Speculation was wide and it seemed that we might be bound for almost everywhere in the wide world. But we soon knew, for after our first day at sea we were given the full "griff," shown maps of our objective, and were given guidebooks.

So we sailed westward, comforted by the sight of the Navy, and our aircraft overhead seemed to be looking after us. The evening of the big day brought me up to the boat-deck and there silhouetted against the setting sun was the great mass of the island, and towering in the distance was Mount Etna, black against the gathering shadows.

No sleep that night! We rocked gently on a heaving sea. Orders came through on the ship's loudspeakers, booted feet rang on the decks, chains rattled and then a sudden roar as the landing craft motors came to life, and away went the first flight to the shore.

Tracer and heavy A.A. were rising in the distance, and we knew that the R.A.F. lads were doing their bit. Tensely we waited. Verey lights lit up the sky, but whether they signalled success or failure we did not know. Dawn broke, the coastline became visible, and green tree-clad slopes and white houses appeared out of the morning mist.

Our orders came through and away we went. Should we be shelled? Was the water deep? Had we a long way to walk when we landed? Silly questions, but we soon knew the answers!

The boat-front lowered as we neared the shore, the engine stopped. Then splash, splash—and we were stumbling ashore loaded with our kit. Over the soft, wet sand, through a hole in a stone wall, on through a vineyard.

We had made a successful landing in spite of opposition. Our troops were advancing, and we were ready for the next move—the invasion of Sicily had begun!

## NURSES IN SICILY

*Wherever the troops are in dangerous places depend on it the nurses are not far behind. After two years with the M.E.F., Sister M. N. Blackwood, Territorial Army Nursing Service, has arrived in Sicily with her unit, and writes the news to her mother at Ingham Road, Stalham, Norwich:*

We arrived safely at a port in Sicily after a two-day voyage. A calm crossing, and for once I was not seasick!

At the moment we have not caught up with our main unit, though we expect to do so in a few days' time. So for the time we are billeted in a lovely villa. There is a dear old grandmother, her daughter and two grandchildren still in the house, and they are all very kind to us.

The people of the island seem to have had a bad time previous to our arrival, and were very short of all essential supplies. Many of the poor things were in a state nearing starvation, so that the food and other supplies brought to the island by the British were a godsend.

. . . Our boys are doing well, and they hope to have this part of the battle over very soon. Tents are being fixed up, and we shall soon be busy. I saw Mount Etna from my window this morning.

## READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

RENTS are excessive and property owners do little or nothing with the 40 per cent. increase allowed them to keep their property in repair.—"J. H.," Bolton.

★ ★ ★

Price of second-hand bikes is a scandal. More money is charged for decrepit machines than new cycles cost before the war.—S. Foster, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

★ ★ ★

Authority forbids bakers to wrap up bread, but in this town one can buy paper with baker's name and awards in beautiful print. What a farce!—F. Millington, Shirehall Road, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

Grow more food, indeed! After months of hard work and when we are making ready for a bumper harvest, the Army comes through our land on manœuvres, zigzagging over our crops with tanks and other impedimenta.—"Land-Girl," Brill, Bucks.

★ ★ ★

The mother of two fighting sons had seven visits from seven different officials of the P.A.C. Then she was awarded the magnificent sum of 1s. 6d. a week!—J. M. C., Dundee.

★ ★ ★

Is it true that railway companies still issue two free passes a year to their employees, entitling them to unlimited travel? If so, are their journeys really necessary? — Mr. R. Dennis, Kingshill Road, Dursley, Glos.

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EDA

# LAST LAUGH

B. P. (Leeds).—"I don't mind being a spinster. It doesn't hurt. I have had my chances, as everybody knows." The hurt would be if nobody knew, eh?

SUSIE (London).—"Our smart young bachelors don't think marriage is much of a life. I wonder why." Well, maybe they realise it is usually a life sentence.

B. B (Lancaster).—"You can't sit tight and assist effectively in production." Unless you are a hen.

MA (Bootle).—"After all, what is a home without a mother." Barracks.

BERTHA (Worthing).—"I think after the war women's slacks will probably go by the board, don't you?" Or, perhaps, with father into the garden.

G. P. (Croydon).—"All you need—if you can get it—is a little orange juice to brighten leather shoes." And a pair of leather shoes

H. P (Taunton).—"At ninety-six I find I can't look back as far as I would like." Or forward?

BUTCHER (Birmingham).—"Believe me, butchers don't find these times very easy" Too often out of joint

M. H. (Hoxton).—"There may be cleavages and purges in the Nazi Party, but it looks as if Hitler and Goering will hang together." This certainly is an idea.

CENTENARIAN (Essex).—"Sixty-three years ago I talked to the then Prime Minister, but I cannot recollect how he was dressed." In Gladstone bags, surely.

G. J. (Edgware).—"Rabbit is now served in a variety of ways in Soho restaurants." Sometimes even as rabbit.

F. G. (Putney).—"A London businessman still wears a bowler hat he bought in Manchester over a quarter of a century ago." A tile of two cities.

W. B. (London, E.).—"I read that the police are looking for a man with badly fitting artificial teeth." He may be hiding in a billards saloon, where no notice would be taken of the clicks.

T. C. (Prestwick).—"One of our most enthusiastic golfers is a retired bargee." We shouldn't like to be in the vicinity when he gets bunkered.

**OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather**

*"No, I don't mind, lady. I knows it means extra work, but one should 'elp the 'arvest in, if one can"*

## Side-Slips

NORTHAMPTON MERCURY AND HERALD:—"... the newly inducted incumbent tolled the church well ..."

EXPRESS AND ECHO:—"... for selling four yards of cloth in ——— market WITH COUPONS."

EVENING STANDARD: — "Altogether this is a surprising garden. ... Everything grows there—except WEEKS."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"When awakened by the COAT'S cries just after 3 a.m. Mr. M——— found the premises in flames."

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## GREATEST OF THESE

● When George Bastable served seventeen months in the Navy during the last war with the proud rank of "Boy 1st Class," he little realised what lay ahead.

He joined the Pioneer Corps in 1939, being discharged in 1940 suffering from duodenal ulcers. As soon as he was well enough he found work, but ten days later he fractured his foot and he, his wife and their three young children had to live on compensation pay.

Later he was employed in a Government factory, but due to a head injury, neurasthenia developed. During his severe illness debts piled up and he accepted £185 as final settlement for his compensation.

Following months of unemployment, a medical examination revealed that at forty-two, George Bastable is unfit to work again.

Everything of value in the home—where another baby is expected—has been sold for food, and the family is forced to share a bed.

This man needs 14 pints of milk each week, which is impossible to obtain on the small amount received for outdoor relief.

Rent, a little in arrears, is a further worry.

Sympathetic readers can alleviate some of this family's difficulties by sending donations earmarked "42," or for our General Fund, addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

*Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."




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Blessings Of Peace—Mustn't End Our "Service."

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Think Of The King And—Then Imagine Hitler Cycling!

£4: W. J. Millar, 26, Larne St., Ballymena, N.Ireland.
Auntie's Burglar—Praised Polly—Avoided "Bonk"!

£3: L. Lake, 17, Dalson Cres., West Hill, Torquay.
Road To Berlin—Rocky—Don't Be Cocky!

£2: Sgt. J. A. Perry, Somewhere-in-Britain.
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IN XWORD 341

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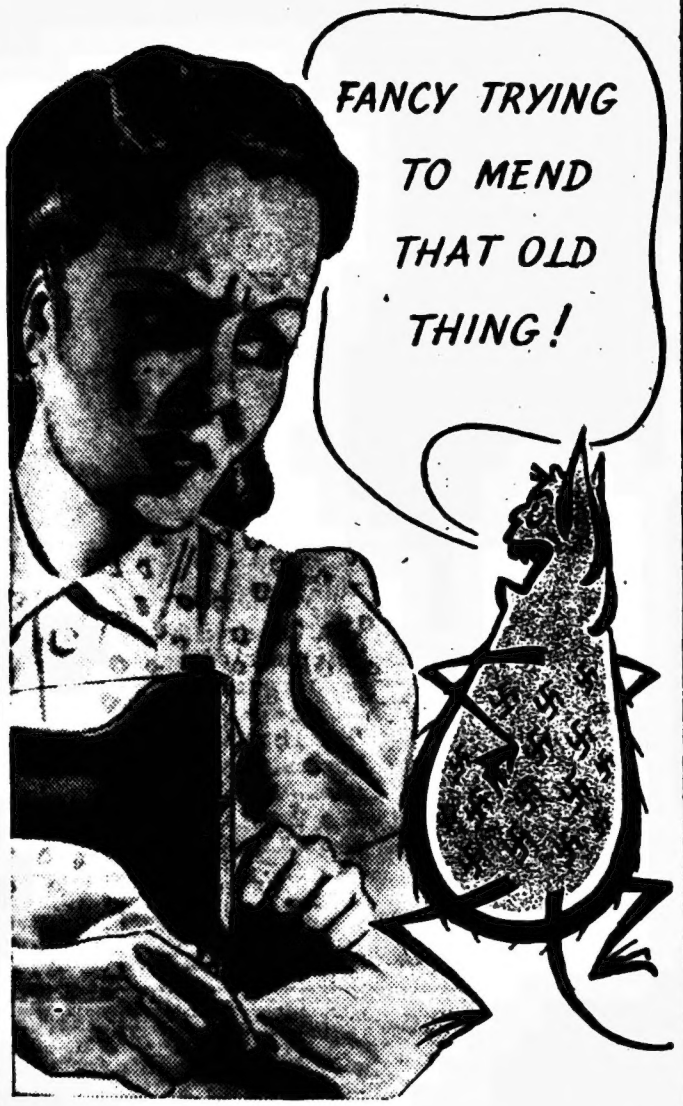


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|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 PUBLIC IS ASSURED BY POLITICIAN WHO KEEPS DOING THIS | TA | KING | | |
| 2 IT'S ANNOYING TO HAVE TRICKS TAKEN WITH | T | UMP | | |
| 3 CERTAIN MESSAGES CAN BE TRANSMITTED BY MEANS OF | | IRES | | |
| 4 IT MAY MAKE MARRIED COUPLE TOUCHY IF HOME LIFE IS | DU | L | | |
| 5 WHEN MAKING CATCH, CRICKETER SHOULD KNOW JUST HOW TO | | IELD | | |
| 6 SHOULD BE A WARNING | RE | | | |
| 7 SOME HOME GUARDS COULD BE TRULY DESCRIBED AS THIS | A | ILE | | |
| 8 RED-CAPS WON'T SPEND MUCH TIME EXAMINING THESE | | ORMS | | |
| 9 STRAIGHT ONE WILL QUITE LIKELY LEAD TO HILL | LE | T | | |
| 10 HOARDING OF THIS IS NOT COMMON | | ELF | | |
| 11 MOTORISTS OCCASIONALLY TRY TO DODGE | DU | K | | |
| 12 SOCKLESS ONES MAY TELL OF SERIOUS ACCIDENT | | ONES | | |
| 13 TO BE ONE YOU HAVE TO BE EXCEPTIONALLY SHARP | CO | NER | | |
| 14 CAN OCCASIONALLY PROVE REMUNERATIVE | D | NCE | | |

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette" dated Oct. 2.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, SEPT. 20

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

345

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

**8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6**

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

**RULES** 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of extra £25, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co/., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Oct. 9, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

**USE any of these "EXAMPLES"**

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Oct. 1.

WORLD IN ARMS
TO CORNER HITLER
SHADOW OF DEFEAT
POST-WAR PROSPERITY
OVER IN RUSSIA
BEFORE THE YEAR'S OUT
TOUGH LUCK
WHILST THE BATTLE RAGES
STOLEN PROPERTY
TO DISPEL THE GLOOM

BULLETS 1,389 RESULT appears on page 14

ITALIAN STEW
WITHOUT WARNING
GOOD TO HEAR
SLOW AT FIRST
INNOCENT VICTIM
ALL THE TIME
NOT SO FUNNY
SHOWED HIS LOVE
LOOKS EASY
HOWEVER LONG IT LASTS

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

WHEN ..... CRACKS
TO ESCAPE FROM.....
WITH ONE.....
IF WE HAD A.....
THEY WERE ..... SO
MADE THE..... THINK

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

**2 FREE BULLETS** allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each 4 we paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Oct. 2. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....

No. ..... Signed .....

Closing Postmark, Monday, Sept. 20 **1,393** Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

**ADDRESS ENTRY** "Bullets" No. 1,393—or Xword No. 345, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

# FALSE TEETH and false economy

Artificial teeth can only effectively replace natural ones as long as they fit absolutely perfectly. To persist in wearing a loose denture which causes discomfort and embarrassment is false economy, because the trouble can so easily be put right. KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, *for making false teeth fit firmly*, will hold it securely in position for many hours, ensuring comfort, confidence and proper mastication. Recommended by Dentists. Handy sprinkler tins 1/3d, large 'Economy' size 3/3, from all Chemists.

**KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE**

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

"The World's worst CORN" banished by CRO-PAX

No more "poor feet" with CRO-PAX. 30 different foot-aids to choose from.

**CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS**

Scientifically designed Cro-Pax foot-aids bring instant relief. From 4d. to 1/- each. Obtainable from Boots, Timothy Whites, all Chemists and all Woolworth's Stores.

SPLENDOR LTD., Nottingham and London

*Tom takes a pride in his skill . . .*

**so guard his health now with**

# LIFEBUOY

**home cleaning**

2½d per 4-oz. tablet
1 coupon
*(nett weight when manufactured)*

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED L365A 9



AND SAVE TRANSPORT

# WALK

**BUT FOLLOW THESE 4 RULES**

● Don't wear the same shoes continuously. Keep two or more pairs in use and give each pair a rest.

● Never dry wet shoes in front of a fire or in the sun. This cracks and curls the leather. Place them, soles uppermost, where they can dry in a current of air.

● When not in use, place shoes on trees or pad out with paper. This will help to preserve their shape.

● **USE CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH** regularly. Brush it well into the leather. It will make your shoes supple and comfortable and keep them fit for walking.

**Apply sparingly as the supply is restricted.**

CB/79



# EVEN Blackouts DON'T HELP

The Twilight Hour brings romance no nearer — for anyone guilty of Oral Offence. Put the searchlight on your personal charm — change to Colgate Dental Cream — the toothpaste that ensures a fragrant mouth and sparkling teeth.

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth spotless. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence — instantly!*

1/1—*Including Tax*

**Play Safe!** USE **COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY**



**It makes you think!**

ARMY LOSES 150,000 UNIFORMS!!
ENOUGH WOOL TO MAKE 150,000 UNIFORMS WAS DESTROYED WHEN A WAREHOUSE WAS SET ON FIRE BY A LIGHTED CIGARETTE END
TROOPS WEARING THESE UNIFORMS WOULD TAKE 8 HOURS TO MARCH PAST A SALUTING BASE
250 MILLION CIGARETTES A DAY ARE NOW SMOKED IN THIS COUNTRY. IF THE CHANCE OF A CIGARETTE STARTING A FIRE WERE ONLY A MILLION TO ONE, THAT WOULD STILL MEAN 250 ACCIDENTAL FIRES A DAY.
OVER 1000 ACCIDENTAL FIRES A DAY ARE HELPING HITLER
WHEN YOU THROW AWAY A MATCH OR CIGARETTE END ALWAYS BE SURE IT'S OUT— REALLY OUT
YOU CAN'T BE



# Germolene

ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Will— HEAL IT -Clean!

There is no need to be a victim of irritating Skin Troubles when you can obtain a tin of **Germolene.** This famous ointment Soothes, Heals and Cleanses and is renowned for its healing effects in cases of such troubles as Eczema, Insect Bites, Cuts, Burns, Wounds, Heat Rash, etc.

*Sold Everywhere 1/4 & 3/3 Per Tin*



# You can be free from PAIN TO-DAY & EVERY DAY!

The story of man's quest for freedom from pain goes back through the ages, but in recent years Medical Science has recorded great achievements. An important step is marked by the advent of 'ASPRO', the answer to the quest for a Medicine within the reach of all—easy and safe to take—one which relieves pain in a few minutes without harm to the heart or the stomach. In a few years 'ASPRO' has rendered a great healing, helping service to the people, and has brought new hope and new health to millions. People taking 'ASPRO' for the first time are astonished by the swift dispersal of their pain or discomfort. One moment it is there—nagging, distracting, distressing—the next it has gone, and a sensation of freedom and well-being takes its place. We suggest you try 'ASPRO' for yourself. The next time you are troubled with headaches, neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatic pains, sciatica or lumbago, remember that

*Sympathy & Healing Power in Tablet form*

# 'ASPRO'

**offers you its HELP!**

**SPLENDID FOR NEURALGIA AND INSOMNIA**

A. CHARLESTON, of Ashton-on-Mersey, Manchester, writes:—"Allow me to state the wonderful value I have received from 'ASPRO'. As a pretty heavy sufferer from neuralgia I have found 'ASPRO' beneficial and I have also found them splendid for insomnia which has troubled me very much and I would not be without them in the house as they are indispensable to me. I feel sure that if people really know the benefits derived from 'ASPRO' they would never be without them."

Made by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks

**As a Gargle**

When immersed in water 'ASPRO' makes an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, etc. The tablet breaks up into thousands of tiny particles which cling to the lining of the throat, thus exerting the maximum antiseptic and healing effect at the root of the trouble.

'ASPRO' IS NOT HABIT-FORMING

'ASPRO' PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL
1 TAPE 3½ 2 6½ CARTON 1/3½
5 Tablets 12 TAPES 6/2 27 Tablets

PURCHASE TAX INCLUDED

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK & DISPLAY 'ASPRO'


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